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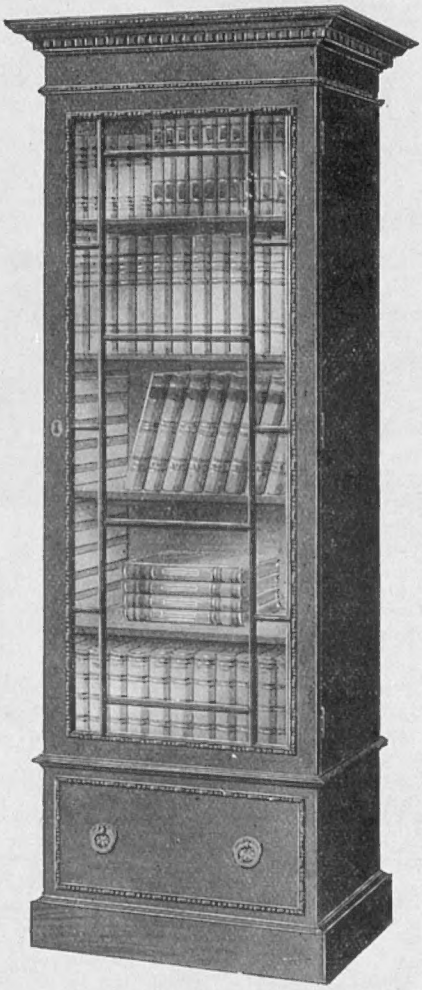
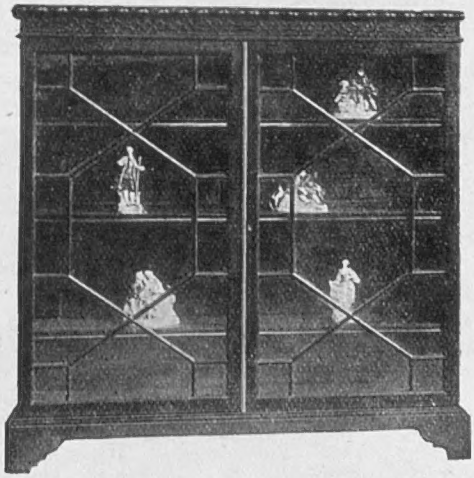


Finely Carved Mahogany Recess Bookcase, 7ft. high x 2ft. 4in. wide, £9 15 0



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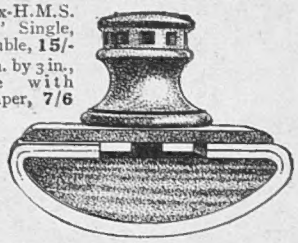

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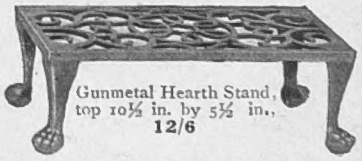

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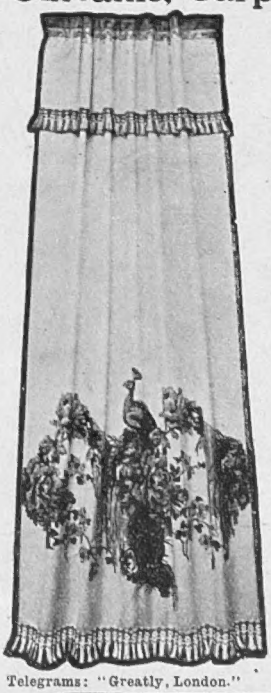

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TAPESTRIES, BROCADES, DAMASKS, REPS, VELVETS, SATIN CLOTHS, CASEMENT CLOTHS, CRETONNES, PRINTED LINENS, TAFFETAS, etc.
PATTERNS POST FREE.

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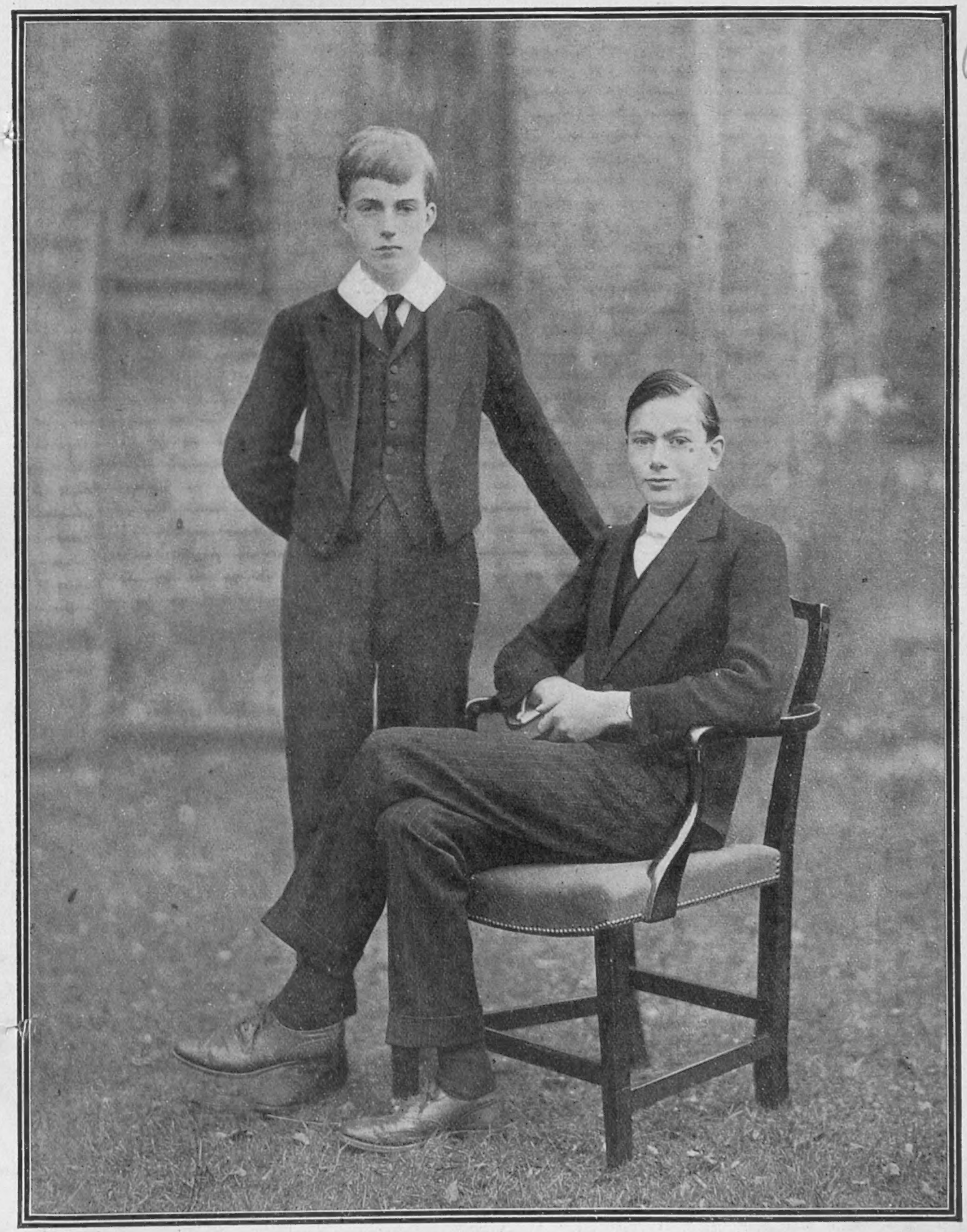
The BYSTANDER



Photograph *Vandyk*

PRINCELY ETONIANS

H.R.H. the Duke of Brabant, eldest son of the King of the Belgians, and H.R.H. Prince Henry of England photographed at Eton

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RECREATION HUTS in British Camps at home and abroad.
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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

A Word for the Five

I HOLD no brief for politicians, but the attacks now being made on them pass the bounds of decency. Hardly a day elapses but sneers are not emitted from various newspaper lips against the members individually and collectively of the Council of Five. Now, as these gentlemen have only had supreme charge of affairs for some six weeks, to blame them individually and collectively for blunders of all kinds committed during the last six months is malicious and stupid. They were put into the Council by the Cabinet as a whole as far as possible to put the blunders right. So far, they have certainly not failed in one duty, and that is to take frequent counsel with our various Allies. Meeting after meeting has taken place between ourselves and the French, and if there seems a lack of definite decision it is wicked unpatriotism to assume that the fault is entirely on the side of our own men.

* *
*

Stinking Fish Again

Suppose, by a stretch of imagination, that it is the fault now, and has been all along, of one or more of our gallant Allies that matters have gone so badly in the Balkans? Suppose that, when history is written, it comes out that our own "politicians" favoured courses which, if pursued, would have led to victory, but were thwarted by objections in Paris, Petrograd, or Rome? I don't say that this is so, but I do submit that it *may* be. Before the Press knows the real facts it ought at least to give our own rulers the benefit of the doubt.

* *
*

Nonsense about Balfour—

As an illustration of the attacks in question, I read in a prominent monthly review a sneer at Mr. Balfour (whose own administration has, so far, been an unqualified success) because he is "a *dilettante* philosopher, bachelor, aristocrat, and cynic." In the name of Heaven, what sort of disqualifications for office are the last three qualities? As to Mr. Balfour being a "*dilettante*" philosopher, it is time that idiotic legend were exploded. In his spare time he has speculated in metaphysics, just as Mr. Chamberlain used to grow orchids and the late Marquis of Salisbury to dabble in chemistry. Mr. Balfour's actual life has been a strenuous one of hard, practical politics and anything but that of a *dilettante* philosopher.

A ROYAL REVIEW

On Thursday last the Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary and Prince Albert, visited the Aldershot area in order to carry out, on behalf of the King, an inspection of troops in training. Our illustration shows the Royal party watching the march past from an A.S.C. wagon which was used as a Royal stand

—And Others

Then one has read in another paper a sneer at Mr. Bonar Law as a "merchant." And this from one who has been shrieking for a twelvemonth for a "business" man in high control! "Three lawyers" is the contemptuous term applied to Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. McKenna, completely failing to differentiate between the last two who were commercial solicitors, and, therefore, men of business, and the first, who was a barrister.

* *
*

Affairs Out East

The following is an explanation of the state of affairs "out east" that reaches me from a usually well-informed source:

Austria objects to the German-Bulgarian division of the remains of Serbia, claiming that Serbia has been, for killing purposes, her baby. Accordingly, when the Bulgars were on the point of entering Monastir, Francis Joseph and the Hungarians threatened immediate revolt unless Monastir were assigned to Austria. Bulgaria was compelled to agree, but as "compensation" demanded a larger share of Turkish Thrace than had been previously granted her. To this Enver and the other Young Turks objected strongly. Bulgaria then began to sulk, and—it is said—Tsar Ferdinand, metaphorically, took the receiver on the hook, called for No. 1 Petrograd, and said, "Is that you, Nicholas?" Panic supervened in German circles, and—well, there we are at the moment of going to Press.

* *
*

Hard to Please

Truly there is no satisfying some people. Here has our daily Press been complaining for months and months that Parliament is a mockery because Ministers keep their mouths shut and stifle debate on all occasions. Directly, however, they mend their ways, open their mouths, talk columns and columns of copy, and open the floodgates of debate, they are told they are wasting the nation's time.

* *
*

The Carmelites' Real Grievance

Last week Sir John Simon, dealing with the Pessimists, argued high, and argued low, and also argued round about him. By mentioning the Northcliffe Press in every other sentence he gave it an advertisement that all its hoarded wealth could

(Continued on page 414)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded from page 413*)

not have bought. Sir John made the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* the topic of the day, to the exclusion of Serbia, Greece, France, Russia, Italy, and everything else. And yet the Carmelites complained of waste of the nation's time! Can the real grievance be that those experts in advertising, having weighed the matter up, came to the conclusion that the advertisement they were getting was, like the shells of last spring, the wrong kind?

***

The Truth About the German Press

The *Times*, to my mind, comes on the whole well enough out of the Simon attack, largely because Sir John seems to have been very sloppy (as Mr. Asquith would say) in getting up his brief. Also, he seems to have less apparent knowledge of the German Press than is even to be expected in a Radical lawyer. It is quite true, as the *Times* says, that the *Cologne Gazette*, and papers of its class, do not confuse news with comment, and that they print extracts from the *Times* without embellishment. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal of nonsense talked about the German Press. There is—painful as it will read to epileptic patriots—a great deal more fairness about the German Press than there is about our own, and a great deal less doctoring of news to suit the reader's taste. Very brutal and ill-natured articles appear in German editorial columns, but their news-columns are, as a rule, fair and free from headlined misrepresentation.

***

That Map

The really effective part of Sir John's speech was that in which he dealt with that scandalous map, which represented the Germans as possessing the only armies fighting on the Continent, as having the only Navy other than our own, guarding a sea-front twice as long as ours. That is the action during the "Great War" for which Lord Northcliffe will be chiefly famed in posterity. That was what it will be said that *he* did for his country. (His claims to have provided the Army with shells will, by that time, have been exposed to analysis.)

***

"Single Men First"

Complaints reach me daily of extreme pressure being brought to bear on married men by various Derby canvassers, despite the Premier's pledge of "Single Men First." What seems probable is that "Single Men First" has been decided not to be as sound as it sounds, from either the military or the economic standpoint. The married man in the early twenties is preferable as a soldier to the bachelor of the late thirties, and may, in actual fact, have fewer dependants and less domestic and commercial responsibility. What is really objectionable is the continuance of the discredited system of moral compulsion, wherever applied. The country must make up its mind what is the minimum number of soldiers it needs for its military obligations, call up the physically fittest, and make proper provision for genuine dependants, whether of married or single men, and proper exemptions in cases of people who are necessary to essential industries.

***

Bogus Voluntarism

A fair system of compulsion is likely to be preferred by the mass of Englishmen to an unfair system of "voluntarism," and people who raise merely theoretical objections ought to be locked up with pedants and cranks of all kinds for three years or the duration of the war.

***

Limited Liability

But before consenting to compulsion, the country must have this information as to its requirements. It has not yet been proved to the satisfaction of anybody that the Mistress of the Seas needs to make soldiers of all her citizens. If the Navy guarantees our home defence, the army we need ought to be limited to the work it has undertaken to do, which is to help France and Belgium and to defend the "road to India." Expeditions to the Balkans, Persia, the North Pole, or the Moon may be all very well, but practical Englishmen as a whole are not yet convinced of their necessity, especially after the horrible proofs we have gained, in Gallipoli, of the incapacity of our higher commands to make successful use of their men when they have got them.

A SMILING PREMIER

Does the expression on the face of Mr. Asquith (sandwiched between the two bridesmaids of last week, Miss Tennant and Miss Elizabeth Asquith) reflect the War situation? If so . . . . things must be a great deal better than they look

***

The Man

We have said it before, and we say it again, give us the *man*; the men will follow. This war has lasted for sixteen months, and Britain has not yet discovered a General.

***

Unpardonable

Which reminds me of the little story that is going the rounds:—

TOMMY (*to captured German sniper*): "Well, and what do they give you if you shoot a British Captain?"

SNIPER: "Ten marks."

TOMMY: "And a Major?"

SNIPER: "Twenty marks."

TOMMY: "A Colonel?"

SNIPER: "Thirty marks."

TOMMY: "And a General?"

SNIPER: "Two years imprisonment."

. . . And, in either case, How?

LORD KITCHENER'S VISIT TO GALLIPOLI

The object of which was to report to the Government on the question of whether we should remain in, or withdraw from, the peninsula. He is above shown talking to Sir William Birdwood before his departure. On the right is Major-General Sir A. Godley

The Military Viewpoint

GALLIENI : BALKANS : MESOPOTAMIA

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

GENERAL GALLIENI, the new War Minister, is just now the moving spirit in France. As a professing Catholic he was considered ineligible for the Governorship of Paris—a post reserved for the nominee of the Freemasons—until the Germans were within a tram ride of the capital. His energy saved the situation when the Government fled to Bordeaux, and now he is purging the War Office of *embusqués* and giving General Joffre legal control of all the French armies. This appointment enlarges *Père* Joffre's sphere of action so as to include the Balkan theatre.

* * * * *

What the British Empire lacks is a big military Thinker—a man who can conceive and elaborate comprehensive plans of the kind with which the great Moltke used to occupy himself, a man to whom Generals in the field could confide difficulties and apply for advice. He need not be a personage nor a personality if he possess the faculty of viewing the war as a whole in the dry light of pure intellect. He should, however, have at his disposal a body of assistants to work out technical details, naval and military, including representatives from General Headquarters in the field, so that his "appreciations" would embody what is feasible as well as what is desirable. It would then only remain for the War Council to assent and provide the means, through the War Minister on the military side and the First Lord of the Admiralty on the naval side. Such an advisory body recruited from graduates at Camberley and Quetta would be the General Staff suited to our circumstances, since a Supreme Command on the German pattern is, *pace* Lord Haldane, impossible in this country.

Photograph *Swaine*

GENERAL TOWNSHEND

Who, after winning the battle of Ctesiphon, within a few miles of Bagdad, has been compelled to withdraw his force to Kut-el-Amara, a distance of about 100 miles

* * * * *

The military situation in the Balkans may not inaptly be compared with that in Mesopotamia. In both cases the invader has succeeded in making his way into the heart of the country after a series of actions of an indecisive character. But in this class of enterprise it is by no means the first step that costs. The real difficulty begins when the time comes to decide upon the ulterior proceedings. What is the objective? Is it the destruction of the defending army? Or is it the permanent occupation of the territory won? In the first case, the weary chase of an evasive foe will exhaust the energy of the invaders, who outstrip their supplies in an inhospitable country; in the alternative, the process of fortifying a new frontier must be begun which the defending General is at liberty to interrupt continually while recuperating for a counterstroke.

* * * * *

I had written so far when the news arrived of General Townshend's retirement to Kut-el-Amara, the coaling station on the Tigris which had been occupied on September 29, under conditions which show that the problem raised by the battle of Ctesiphon has been settled by the enemy. Defensive strategy has once more prevailed, and, unluckily for us, it is the invaders of Mesopotamia, not those of the Balkans, who are the victims of what Clausewitz calls "the stronger form of war."

* * * * *

There has been absolute silence on the part of Marshal Putnik, General Sarrail, and General Mahon, and but for a report from King Nicholas to the effect that the Montenegrin Army was intact at Plevhe on December 1 we might almost imagine that the earth had opened and swallowed up the Allies in the Balkans.

* * * * *

For a month past there has been a commotion in Jersey anent the question I raised in THE BYSTANDER on October 20, "Is it not a fact that the Channel Islands Militia has been standing by for a twelvemonth at the expense of the taxpayer?" and newspaper discussion has culminated in a meeting of The States at which it was resolved to forward to Mr. Asquith a return of Jerseymen who had joined the army or navy. So far, so good; but this action does not really touch the point at issue. The fact is that our Army Estimates bear an annual charge of £11,600 for the maintenance of five battalions of infantry, besides artillery, engineers and medical units, who are raised in the Channel Islands on the basis of "compulsory and gratuitous" service, and it does not appear that these troops have yet been invited to proceed overseas, although they are reputed to be of excellent quality. The law enables the authorities to recruit the extra numbers required to repair the wastage of war, and thus a Channel Islands brigade might have been added to the army in France. Why this has never been attempted is still to be explained.

And Now—Conscription?

BY "SOTTO VOCE"

UNLESS in the last few days of this week the "Free Men" join up in droves—indeed, in whole Army Corps daily, Lord Derby's scheme will have failed. Then quite a number of exciting things will happen, for Conscription in its coming will play high jinks all round. The Prime Minister, having waited and seen, will be *compelled* to introduce a Compulsory Service measure—or go.

Lord Derby was discovered and was appointed Director-General of Recruiting to make a final appeal for Voluntarism. I have been told, and I believe that it is true, that he was appointed by the Prime Minister and Lord Kitchener, and that the Cabinet only heard of it when everything was settled. And Lord Derby got to work. He had two objects before him. The one was to obtain by voluntary enlistment an army of a certain size by a definite date. The other was to obtain from the opponents of compulsion an undertaking, or, at any rate, an understanding, that if voluntary effort failed Compulsion would be acceded to.

And now we get a test of the rugged strength of Lord Derby. He loathes shams. No phantom paper army will pass muster with him. To get his men together he has worked strenuously and tirelessly. I suppose that he appreciates success as much as other men, but it must be real success and honest all through. Failing that, he himself will end his own scheme and announce its failure by his own resignation. If he were satisfied with paper results he might flaunt himself as one of the few successes of the war. But he will not do so. His announcement that no one who had merely promised to join and was not attested would be counted, created consternation. In reply to pleas and protests he added curtly, "There is no man living who will induce me to alter my decision." So with regard to Lord Derby's army we shall know what we've got. We have found a man with whom promises unfulfilled do not count. There is hope for sense at last.

Lord Derby's report will be made to the Government with exemplary haste. I happen to know that he is at work on it now, and that he will merely wait till the close of the week for his final totals. If in the remaining days the nation makes an overwhelming response Voluntarism will have justified itself. If not—well, we must still have the Army, and must instantly set in being Compulsion. In such an event—what will befall?

If Voluntarism succeeds, the Compulsionists in the Cabinet and the country are pledged to acquiescence. If Voluntarism fails, will the Voluntarists bow to Compulsion? If they do—they can carry the House of Commons. If they do not, they and they alone will be responsible for the Parliamentary upheaval and national strife that may follow. Personally, I cannot conceive of any circumstances or conditions under which Mr. Asquith would resign. Mr. Asquith has pronounced views on this matter. Mr. McKenna is an obstinate man, and might go. Mr. Harcourt would almost surely join him. Mr. Balfour would side with Lord Kitchener, whose personal views Lord Derby reflects. If the issue were confined to compulsion for men I think the Government would stand. But it is not. Once compel men, then you must compel money. A forced loan from men of smaller incomes, together with an inevitably hugely increased taxation of the well-to-do will split the Cabinet and the House. And this is coming. Compulsion for having men and Voluntarism for money would be likely to arouse the sleeping lions of Socialism.

PROOF AGAINST HIS BLANDISHMENTS

THE GERMAN: "I schmile und schmile, but she dake no nodise of me vodeffer! I expect she is vaiting for somepoddy else!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *December 6, 1915.*

DEAR COUSIN—

THEY'RE beginning at last to try and keep us in hand a bit, aren't they? Night clubs are no more, and it's no good being thirsty between meals, because you can't get a drink if you are and whoever you are. And even your meals you've got to have at the time the Government tells you to—if you want to have anything to drink with them, anyway.

* * *

I shan't believe about those sumptuary laws there's been talk about—well, until they *are* laws. But they say there really is going to be a big economy campaign, though I haven't heard that it's starting where extravagance is most awful, in Downing Street and Whitehall.

* * *

Or that anything's being done about all the camp waste, and the coal profits they're letting the owners and merchants make, and last, but not least, the terrific price of food. Really, you know, *that* couldn't go much higher if there weren't such a thing as a Navy at all to keep supplies open.

* * *

Of course, the truth is that the right kind of people haven't been extravagant—the backbone of England, as they used to be called—the professional classes, the great *bourgeois* with its virtues of moderation, quiet, and order, the people who aren't either rich or poor, but just go ahead and pay their way, and are the least heard of, though, p'raps, the most useful citizens. It's in the extremes that the money gets thrown about.

* * *

But, unfortunately, it's rather by the extremes that the country's attitude is judged. The bystander sees in war-time not our woundeds hidden in the hospitals, but our gay ladies dancing at the Savoy. Yet the night-clubbites and the restaurant crowds and the people who flock to the revues and the "movies" don't really represent the nation. They're only so much in evidence that one's rather apt to think they do.

* * *

All the same, as a nation I suppose there's no denying we do chuck the money about. No stockings here, as in France, or peasants' bank accounts, as you'll find in Germany. And *they* don't spend £120,000 a year, or thereabouts, in Cabinet salaries, either, or so overpay soldiers' dependents that they most of 'em lose their heads and some of them their characters.

* * *

And don't they know it abroad, too. Travelling, before the war, one used to find out (generally too late) that one had been paying quite special rates, and once in Venice, after a few dealings with gondoliers and people, I seriously thought of pretending to be a Hun. The *Tedesci* always got the same things for about half the money. But I decided it wasn't worth it—at the price. You've got to be as thick-skinned as a German, haven't you, really not to *mind* being loathed?

"It's no use being thirsty between meals, because you can't get a drink if you are"

* * *

The way they're doing things in Salonica is rather delightfully typical of us. They say the cafés and hotels and places are making such profits as their rather hybrid owners never dreamed of in the whole course of their pettifogging little careers. Haggling isn't exactly a habit of the British officer, whatever it may be with others, and the most absurd prices have been asked and paid for houses, some of which have been taken for six months and even a year—money down, of course.

* * *

Amusing, isn't it, that one of the very latest wartime innovations is smoking in theatres?—and it's come in just as the Bishops started writing to the papers saying we ought to give up tobacco altogether as a war economy. Most people think, of course, that the lower the Bishops lie just now the better, 'specially on the economy tack. Haven't heard of *many* of them giving up their palaces or their cars, or of their ladies taking on the cook-general's job either.

* * *

There's a good deal of argument, you know, whether they're altogether right in telling their hefty

"Talking of parsons, the picture that amused us most at the Goupil Gallery was 'The Creation of Eve'"

A Discussion on Economy

Heart-to-heart confidences about the exorbitant rise in the price of margarine during the war

BY CHAS. ROBINSON

young vicars and curates that whatever they do they mustn't fight for their country. All men have to, or will have to, and it seems rather invidious, doesn't it, not to include parsons among them—especially when the muscular kind of Christianity is the one they seem to cultivate most nowadays, "yerce, yerce"? Church of England parsons, that is. The others have been going into the trenches pretty well from the start.

Talking of parsons, the picture that amused us most at the London Group's anyway not *dull* private view at the Goupil Gallery the other day was Mr. Mark Gertler's "Creation of Eve," in which from a very brown Adam's side the Deity, conventionally bearded and all that, is dragging a very white Eve so emaciated and innocent of "womanly curves" that obviously there were Cubists, too, in those days.

(Continued on page 420)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 419)

All the same, there isn't much Cubism at the Goupil—the war seems rather to have put the lid on that sort of thing—and no weird sculptures by Epstein, and nothing in the Vorticist line either. But the Futurist Mr. Nevinson lets himself go a bit on war subjects, and there are some fascinating greenery-yallery colour schemes by Mr. Gilman, the President, and Mr. Charles Ginner.

* * *

There were quite a few men at this show, by the way, more than I've seen for a long time. Suppose the ranks of the artistics haven't been quite so badly depleted as some of the others. In Mayfair it's simply awful, the shortage, 'specially at the charity matinées and bazaars and things, where before the war some of us used to manage somehow to drag in, anyway, *something* in trousers, just to leaven the lump of femininity.

"In Mayfair it's simply awful, the shortage of men"

* * *

Which, by the way—femininity, I mean—has pulled itself together and is getting busy again on all sorts of charity shows. These are practically our only opportunities now, you know, of seeing and being seen and displaying those pearl necklaces and things which we've managed to restrain ourselves so far from getting rid of for charity's sweet sake.

* * *

Last week, for the soldiers' buffets or something, Lady Randolph Churchill produced the Russian play that some manager or other wouldn't have at the Royal Russia Day matinée because he didn't think it was quite the thing for the Royal and young-girl audience that turns up on these occasions.

* * *

And the Royal Naval Division who are interned in Holland are to have their Christmas dinner provided by the takings at a big matinée at His Majesty's this week. Next, the feature of a mammoth Red Cross Fair in Westminster is a little lot of 10,000 ostrich feathers sent by Cape farmers. Not that anyone's worn such a thing for years—but p'raps that makes them all the more suitable for a bazaar.

* * *

Where you don't usually get anything you really want, do you? Except when someone has a bright idea like at the show at Claridge's for distressed artistes the other day, when they sold all the things we're not supposed to buy in war-time, because we can quite well do without them — scrumptious undies and boudoir caps and bath salts and scents and things. Went like hot cakes, of course. It's so nice to be wicked in a good cause, isn't it?

* * *

The King's getting slowly better, and the Queens are busy "doing their bit," in an informal sort of way. But Court arrangements, the few there are, don't, of course, affect anyone's plans nowadays. Social life's deader than the dodo, the sort that was influenced by Court circles, anyway. And there are quite a lot of people, you know, who think that sort of thing is one that won't, after the war, rise phœnix-like from its ashes.

* * *

I mean, when the end does come, and there's hardly a family in England that hasn't given someone to the country, shall we think them worth while, I wonder, some of the trivialities we used to make such fetishes of—getting presented and going to the right shows and feeding the right people, and so on? We're managing quite well without them, and it's on the cards that in those spacious days even money won't be quite so dreadfully important—they'll be such *odd* people who've got it, for one thing.

* * *

And it *may* happen that one's credentials for getting into "Society," as we call it now, will be quite a different sort too. Things that people have *done* may matter—things for the country and for its brave men, for instance—more than just happening to be a duchess or an earl's daughter or having priceless pearls and fifteen footmen.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Sincere Apologies!

To any of our readers who, through misfortune or fault, have been unable to get copies of

The Christmas Bystander

which was entirely sold out within a few days of Publication.

***Mora!*: BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR!**

A War Wedding in Egypt

Photograph *Speaight*

LADY MARY STRICKLAND

Formerly Lady Mary Charteris, whose marriage to Lieut. A. Strickland, Gloucestershire Yeomanry, took place in Cairo on November 20. Lady Mary is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss

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"What Did You Do in the Great War?"

A REASSURING ARTICLE FOR PROSPECTIVE GRANDPARENTS

BY "DOWNWRITER"

I TAKE leave this week to reappear—in the rôle of a baby-killer: a killer of a baby who is none the less alive because not yet in existence. The baby I come to kill is your grandchild (and mine), the little tot who is predestined by Fate and the Recruiting Department to sit on our knees some years hence and ask us a certain searching question.

—•••—

Ready to answer this question proudly there will be, one hopes (if the war doesn't last too long), millions of grandpapas, and far be it from me to rob by anticipation any hero of the rightful reward of his heroism. Let the sinker of the battleship, the destroyer of the Zep, the other recipient of deserved honours, tell the great story, or have it told on his behalf, as long as there are little ears to listen to it. But there are others. Not slackers—I hold no brief for them—but people whose lot it has been not to do heroic things, people who have just done what their duty happened to be, who would have no specially proud answer to the Great Question.

—•••—

My heart goes out to the "hero" of the latest tale from the trenches, the private in a sanitary squad who was conscientiously discharging one of the most necessary, but least pleasant, of his many necessary and unpleasant duties. Moodily and miserably he was going on with it till there hove in sight two infantrymen. "Grandpapa," piped one of them to the shoveller of refuse, in a shrill falsetto, "what did *you* do in the Great War?"

—•••—

In the interests of the victim of this cruel jape, and of all others of the same type, I take it upon myself to slay this monstrous mite. I want to prove that as it should not exist, it shall not, and to demonstrate beyond all cavil that in probability it cannot. *There will be no such grandchild as this in all England.* No child will ask of *any* grandparent what he did in the Great War.

—•••—

Bear with me while I get into statistics. Let us date this *grand enfant terrible.* The lowest age at which a man is likely to become a *father* is twenty-one; the lowest age at which he is, therefore, likely to become a *grandfather* is forty-two (which is unusually young). Ten years, for the brat to grow to the age of seeking knowledge, brings even the youngest of grandfathers to the age of fifty-two. Some thirty years, therefore, must elapse before the youngest man of military age is likely to be confronted by a grandchild with the terrible question of what he did in the Great War. Forty or fifty years is likely to be the time elapsing before the mass of men of military age at present living are likely to be confronted with it. The Grandchild Peril will be upon us at the earliest by 1945.

—•••—

Now, it is perfectly clear that, whatever changes are likely to take place after the war, one British institution will remain much as it is, and that is our system of education. At least thirty years (the time to elapse before the youngest of us becomes a grandfather) will certainly pass before the subject of educational reform gets even to the stage of being referred to a Select Committee. During that time we shall proceed to educate our sons and daughters as we have done in the past, and that means that the one Thing of Things that will *not* be taught them (certainly not by the age at which they will sit on their grandparents' knees) will be modern history.

—•••—

Ninety-nine per cent. of grown-up children of the present generation are utterly ignorant of any historical event of thirty or forty years ago. To mention the Franco-German or the Austro-Prussian war to the average product of an elementary, a private, or a public school is to mention an event that has no meaning. To mention it to a child of ten (the oldest age for knee-sitting) is to talk double-Dutch to it.

—•••—

Now assuming, as I do, that our present educational system will continue, and that modern history will not be taught in any of our schools, I arrive at the confident conclusion that the grandchildren of thirty years hence will *never have heard of the Great War.* If learning history at all, the only William they will know anything about will be the Norman Conqueror (with an option on Rufus). William Hohenzollern will be nothing to them. Nothing will be taught about the Great War to your grandchildren by those to whom you will commit their education.

—•••—

It may be suggested that knowledge of the Great War will be indiscreetly instilled into the minds of youth by the parent or grandparent himself. The amount of the taxes that he will be continuing to pay thirty years or more hence for the luxury of having had the war may cause him, grandpapa, to refer to it so frequently and so forcibly that little Billie or Cissie may be tempted to ask the question "What *was* the Great War?" Out of that question, is it feared that there will spring the other (*i.e.*, what did you do? etc.)? I think it need not be.

—•••—

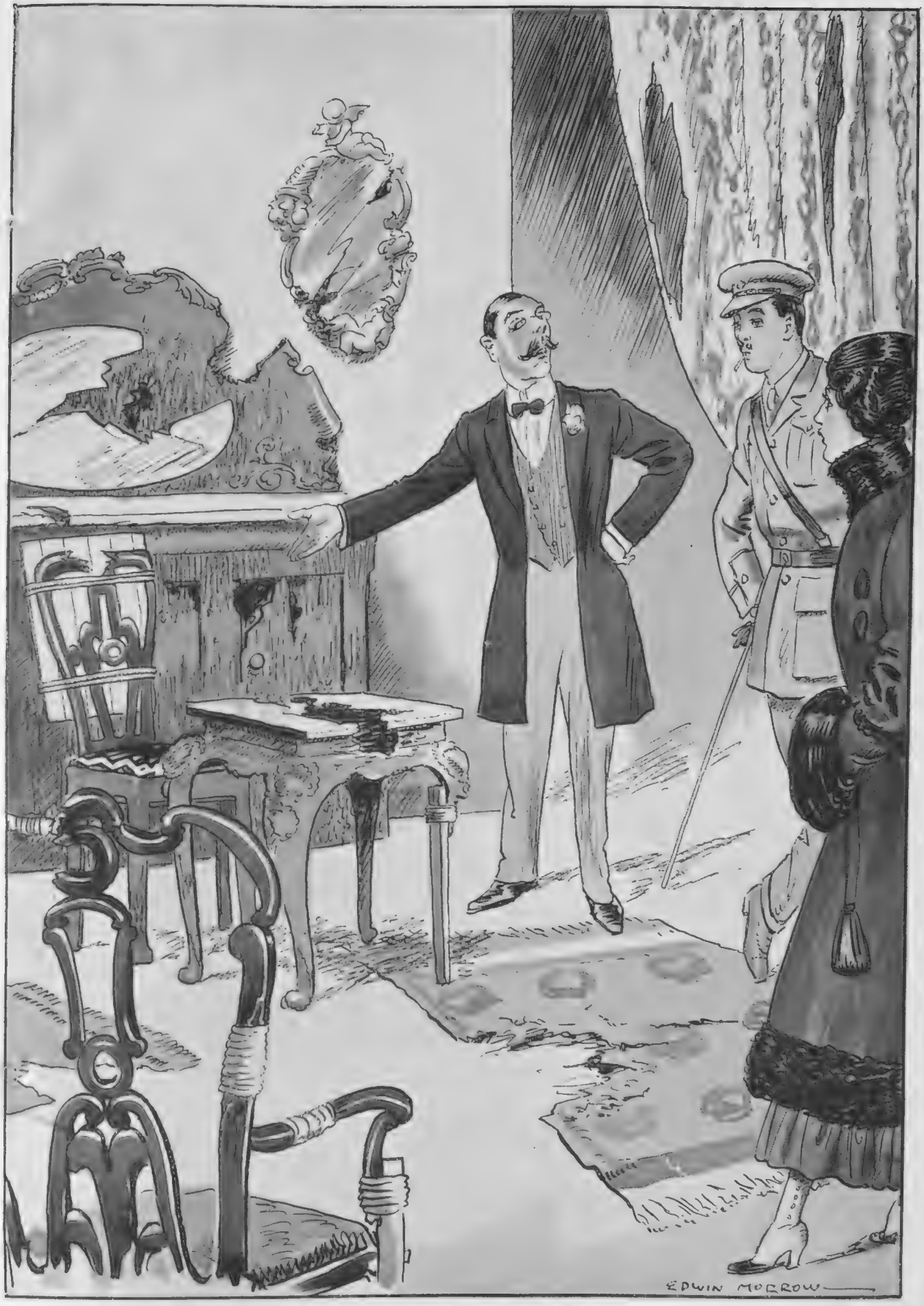
Long before the old gentleman has got any way at all in the story of the war, the child will have had more than enough. Do I not well remember when I, as a father of three, started out to tell the great story to my eldest (aged seven)! We had only got as far as the bombardment of Liège when the little one was in floods of tears, imploring me to stop. Believing that reverence in youth is a vanishing quality, I do not anticipate that my grandchildren will tolerate that which my children reject.

—•••—

So once again, and lastly, oh Grandfathers of To-morrow, cheer up! Do your bit, for your Country's sake, but don't worry about those d——d grandchildren!

DOWNWRITER

Furnishing à la Mode



"This is quite the fashion now, sir, the Zeppelin suite"

A Truce in Gallipoli: Unique Photograph

A TURKISH STAFF OFFICER (BLINDFOLD, ON RIGHT) COMING INTO THE BRITISH LINES UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE TO ASK FOR AN ARMISTICE

Unlike his German Ally and taskmaster, the Turkish soldier is a gentleman and "fights fair." He does not fire on the Red Cross or abuse the use of the white flag, and our men, knowing this, are quite willing to treat him fairly as he treats them. The above photograph is unique, as putting on record one of the few occasions in this war in which there has been anything approaching an exchange of civilities between the belligerents

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

I ALWAYS think that the endeavours of a motor-lorry driver on a narrow greasy by-road behind the firing line, to manœuvre successfully past a convoy coming from the opposite direction, afford a peculiarly fascinating study in conflicting human emotions. The two parties approach each other with the utmost suspicion, come slowly to a halt, and immediately regard one another with that fixed gaze of concentrated venom peculiar to all drivers of mechanically propelled vehicles. After the glance comes the language. My sympathies are all with the lone and solitary driver every time; he's got the whole of the convoy prejudiced against him from the start. It isn't his fault, poor chap, that he is obliged to go in the opposite direction; it's Kismet. But who cares a damn about that! His is a grim ordeal; it's up to him to worry past as best he can. The penalty of half an inch overlap is certain bogging, and he knows it. The expression he had, of cheery optimism, changes quickly to one of dogged determination, and his grip on the wheel gives one to fear that the thing will come off in his hand at any moment. Fascinated, heart in mouth, we watch him rasping at the gears. Now he is half-way past, but—— can he stay the course? The next moment there is a sudden lurch to starboard, the wheels go round and round at vertiginous velocity, spraying everybody heartily with mud, and it is patent to the meanest intelligence that the man is bogged. He has torn it!

* * *

The driver's expression now changes to one of sullen resignation, and he steps heavily down from his perch, lights a fresh woodbine, and prepares to receive the storm of invective that is the portion of all who impede the traffic on the highways in Flanders. It is more than likely that he is holding up not only half the convoy, but a couple of Generals upon whose lightning celerity in transit depends the fate of the whole campaign on the western front, and a few car-loads of dashing Staff Officers whose lunch is getting cold. That always happens. Sorrowfully, almost tearfully, we ginger up our motor-cycle and tootle sadly away, leaving him to work out his own salvation. It *is* a rotten world!

THAT THIRST FOR REPRISALS

"'And me a rifle someone, I'll give these ——s 'ell for this"

By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

Like everything else Boche, the Intelligence is extraordinarily good. It is a little exasperating when a couple of companies come up as relief to the trenches to be greeted with a cordial "Good night, West Kents. How are you? Keeping well?" Cheery, of course, but annoying for all that. And then the other day there was the regrettable case of Major Wangle. He hasn't got over it yet. The Major, who is the possessor of a voice suggestive of a bull-elephant with a megaphone, was bellowing out commands at the crack of dawn in the communication trench. "Hurry up these men! Look alive, now! Mind where you're going there!" and similar terse enjoinders. Suddenly a voice from the German lines, a tired plaintive voice—"I say, there! Will you please tell your Major Wangle to shove his head in the mud and keep it there. I can't get a wink of sleep!"

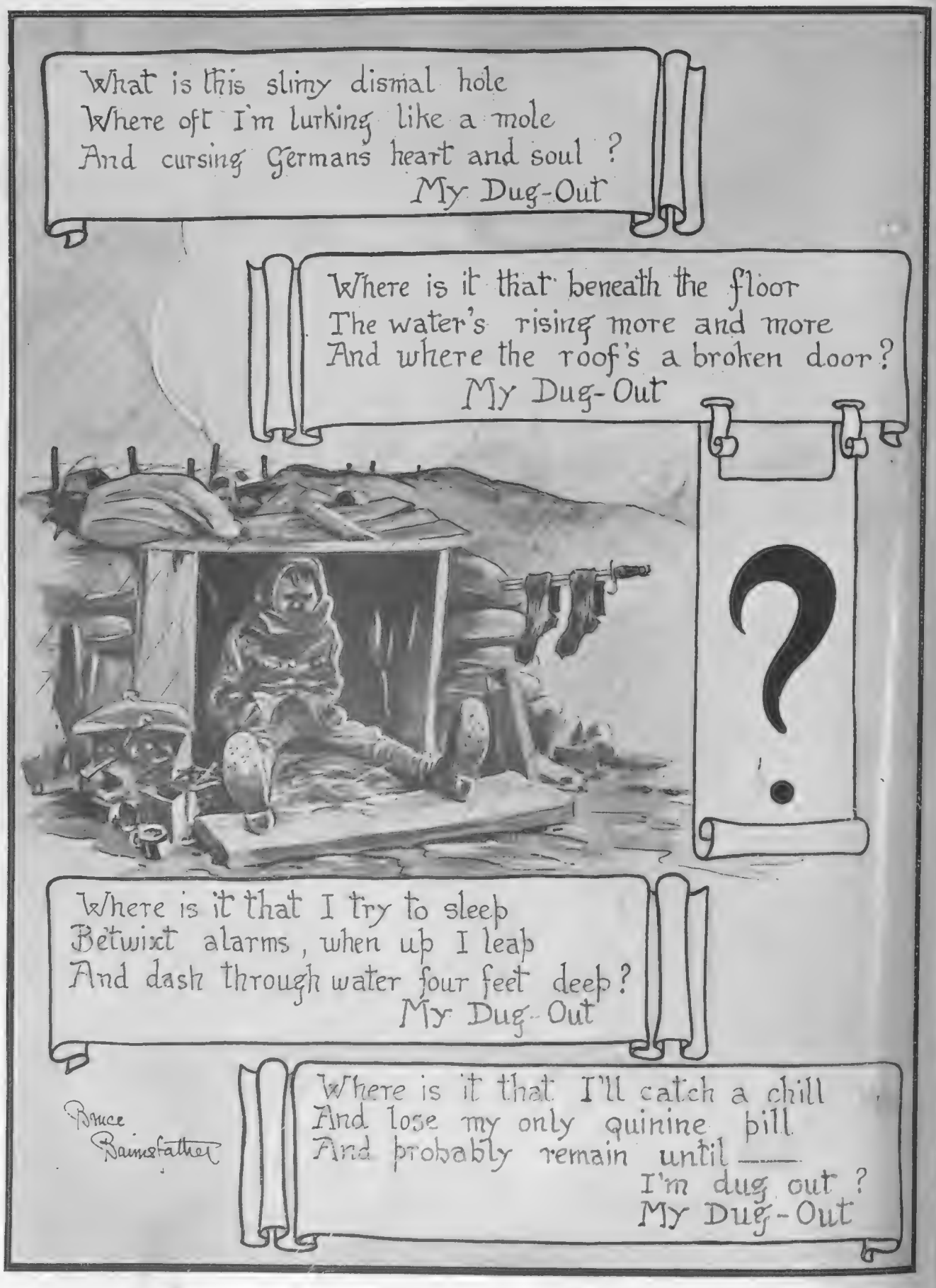
* * *

It is given to some mortals to bear lightly the daily burdens to which flesh is heir; there are others, again, around the neck of whom care hangs like a millstone. To the latter category belongs Private Ogle, T.F., my servant. Asked to explain the dejection of his *mien* shortly after his return from leave he vacillated slightly, and then divulged his pathetic secret. Private Ogle, it seems, likes his little drop of ale like most of us do—and rightly so—but the trouble in his case is that both his parents are strict teetotallers and insist on his being one too. To combat this misfortune Private Ogle finds it convenient to hide a supply of bottled beer in his bed, and there reclining at his ease to quaff the grateful beverage at his leisure. In the usual hustle to catch the train at Victoria, he quite forgot to pack the overflow, and it was not till he had reached Boulogne that he remembered he had left eight full bottles hidden in the fireplace. What is fretting Private Ogle to a shadow is not so much what his aged parents will say of him when they make the grim discovery, but the maddening thought of a gallon of good full-bodied beer belonging to him which he can't lay hands on.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Weekly Humours from the Fr



MY DUG-OUT: A LAY OF THE TRENCHES

ıt. By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

THE INNOCENT ABROAD

OUT SINCE MONS: "Well, what sort of a night 'ave yer 'ad?"
NOVICE (but persistent optimist): "Oh, alright. 'Ad to get out and rest a bit now and again"

Suggestions for Wallpapers

No. I.—FOR THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME

Velvet or Tweeds?

"Oh! to meet such a dramatic personality as Bess in Piccadilly now!"

YOU can feel it coming. I believe it's called in journalese—the swing of the pendulum. Democracy is dead; we are going to revert to the aristocratic order of rule. Everywhere you hear it—old gentlemen shouting in the clubs, "A Despot, Sir, a Despot; that's what the country wants." And the idea is creeping into literature. H. G. Wells, with quite brilliant verbosity, has searched for the aristocratic ideal throughout some hundreds of pages. Breathlessly we have watched his hero docketing "limitations," testing his courage, his character, his intellect; but whether in order to become Prime Minister or Lion Tamer never became quite clear. Then one named Antony Ludovici springs up and makes a grand "Defence of Aristocracy" that sends you routing out your pedigree in fearful trepidation. You find your great-great-great-grandfather was commercially inclined. Gadzooks! how horrible. The strain is tarnished. You can never be a ruler-man. I even heard a famous American business man the other day "wondering" whether Republicanism was "the right tack" after all! And the younger generation, we are told by Miss Jane Harrison, is quite reactionary in its outlook, mad about discipline, and altogether old-fashioned in its new-fangled notions.

* * *

That settles it. Democracy is doomed. Personally, I should love such a *volte-face*, for think what it would mean. We should return to pageantry, ermine, minever; coaches and four, perhaps. We could have real pukka Duchesses, frightfully regal, incomparably exclusive, Duchesses who never walked but "swept," who stamped their feet, and had "scullions" in the kitchen. Just think how their very presence in the stalls would enliven dull plays. As it is, the *sameness* of everyone you see is dreadful.

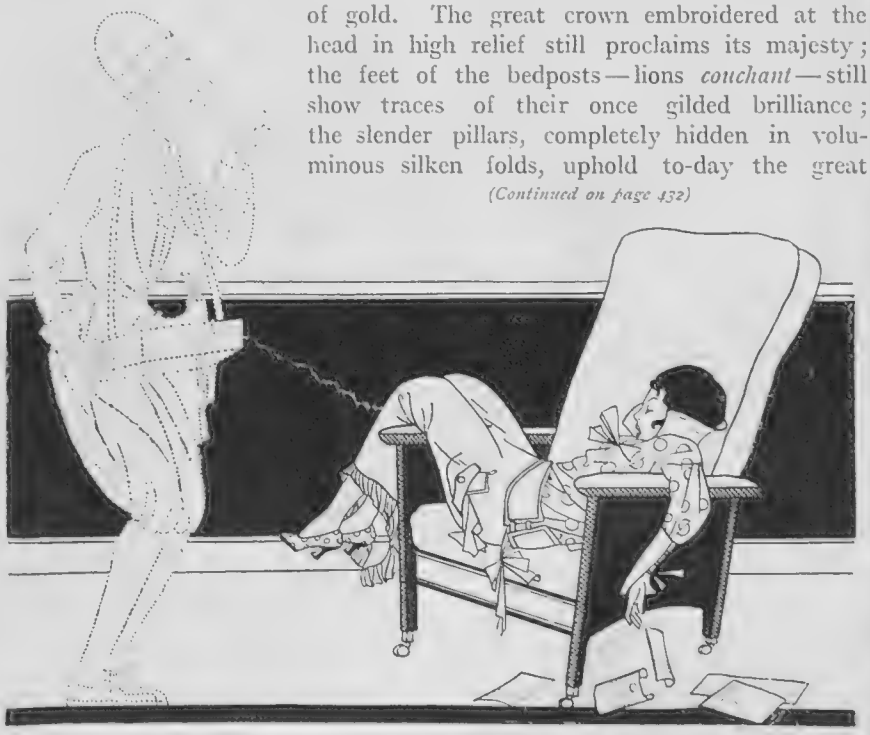
* * *

Under the rule of aristocracy everyone has loved the beautiful, the grand, the splendid. Think of Charles I., what an exquisite figure he cut, how he died for his sovereign rights, for tradition and untrammelled majesty, symbolised in love-locks, velvet, and lace ruffles. Why, men's clothes might return to the picturesque if we upheld his point of view. For that alone it would be worth while to re-establish the old-time power of the House of Lords.

* * *

Once I saw a bed ordered at the trifling cost of £8,000 for a State visit by James I. to Richard, third Earl of Dorset. It was topped by great bunches of ostrich plumes, its pillows and quilt were once of coral taffeta, its vallances of cloth of gold. The great crown embroidered at the head in high relief still proclaims its majesty; the feet of the bedposts—lions *couchant*—still show traces of their once gilded brilliance; the slender pillars, completely hidden in voluminous silken folds, uphold to-day the great

(Continued on page 432)



"You find your great .... grandfather was commercially inclined——"

VELVET OR TWEEDS? (concluded from page 431)

fringed canopy with as much grace and consequence as ever. It was a glorious bed, illustrious and stately, eclipsing one's most fairy-like imaginings. Would

"Just think how their very presence in the stalls would enliven dull plays"

aristocratic rulership give us once again such romantic furnishings as this? If so, let it come.

* * *

And it would be such a glorious relief not to have to pretend that one feels the Brotherhood of Man, in the social sense. Then those who like to adorn themselves and pose as *dilettanti* might do so with never a qualm of conscience to spoil their fine effect. And Labour might be openly boisterous and jolly, drinking its good beer with obvious gusto in the open, instead of furtively in noisesome "pubs." And the middle classes might remain—the middle-classes, and unashamedly announce their tastes—domesticated. So we should all be merry and bright and cease to strive after effect.

* * *

It is really a great idea. Even without the war Democracy has brought us into a fearful mess. Somehow it must be cleared up, and the squalor and vulgarity and complacency of *ante-bellum* days be made to disappear. At any rate, there was colour and fun in good old Tudor times, and the very sight of Queen Elizabeth or Raleigh must have had a tonic effect on the crowds. Oh! to meet such a dramatic personality as Bess in Piccadilly now. How frightfully silly the 'buses would look, with their loads of neurasthenic folk. One sweep of her little jewelled hand and Lord Northcliffe would be no more, while his editors would find themselves in dungeons in the Tower, guarded by hearty English Beefeaters and faced by night and day with the files of their halfpenny press for the ultimate good of their timid souls. An aristocracy would rid us of that nuisance very easily.

* *

For all these reasons, then, I pray that kindly despotism remains *the* topic of conversation. After the war let all people of ancient lineage robe themselves in glorious apparel and elect themselves as rulers of a regenerated England. Let them both look and be somebodies of consequence. They would be so infinitely entertaining, so much more picturesque than Socialists.

D.L.-B.

"Those who pose as dilettanti might do so with never a qualm of conscience"

"And it would be such a glorious relief not to have to pretend that one feels the Brotherhood of Man"

Suggestions for Wallpapers

No. 2.—FOR THE SUBALTERN

The Bystander in PARIS

"BERTHE" AND THE WOUNDED SERGEANT

BY JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"YOU saw the little girl who went out?" asked the sergeant. I nodded. "Snub-nosed child with a face like cobbler's wax and Hilda Cowham legs—looks like the daughter of a *concierge*," I said. The sergeant laughed. He was on one of the Paris illustrated papers when I first knew him, and Hilda Cowham has no secrets from him. "She is the daughter of a *concierge*," he said. "She is Berthe, the daughter of our *concierge*, and she ought to have the Military Medal." "She cut me dead," I said. "Because *I* sometimes pay my rent, I suppose." Everybody in the house liked the sergeant, even before he was a sergeant, and all the children worshipped him. So I had not been at all surprised when getting a letter from him after some months of war, I found, when I mentioned the fact to Berthe (who, though she is thirteen and the beloved of a sergeant of chasseurs, accepts chocolate from me sometimes, too) that she had been corresponding with him quite regularly. Then he got wounded, and Berthe went about with her absurd little nose in the air and talked about "my sergeant who was wounded at Tahure" to all the other children.

—•••—

It was I who found out in which Paris hospital he was, but I hadn't the heart to go and see him before Berthe went. She crowed over me horribly in consequence, and I couldn't make out why, when I met her coming away that afternoon, she was in such evident distress. "What was the child crying about?" I asked the sergeant. "Oh, well, you see," he said, "whether they are old or whether they are young, they do these heroic things and then burst into tears afterwards. I tell you Berthe deserves the Military Medal."

—•••—

"She was awfully funny, the first time she came," he went on. "I knew the child liked me, but the fuss she made of me was very sweet. Little mothery things, you know, little pats and purrings and '*mon petit sergent à moi*'—things like that. It never occurred to me before I was wounded and in hospital that I lived quite alone by myself in the world. I don't know that I should have realised it even then, if that funny little brat had not adopted me as she did. And that first time, and when she came again, I noticed the terrible fascination that the corporal in the next bed had for her. I teased the child about it. 'If you stare at my next door neighbour like that, Berthe,' I said, 'I shall begin to be jealous, and they don't allow duels in hospital, in war-time.' Berthe only shook her head and stared at him.

WAITING FOR "L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF" IN A CABARET

From "Le Rire"

A large piece of shell had burst in his face, and you know what that does to a man. He sees now with one eye, and hears perfectly well, but his face will never be a face again, poor devil."

—•••—

"But about the Military Medal?" I asked. "Ah, that," said the sergeant, "that happened this afternoon. She'd been fussing round, as usual, and arranging my pillow, and kissing me and cuddling me and telling me that if I didn't get too badly wounded again she would marry me when she grew up, and the nurse from the end of the ward said she thought it was time for her to go. So Berthe kissed me again, promised to come back on Thursday, and tripped off, looking back with a nod and a smile just as she had seen the grown-up women do, the monkey. Just as she passed out the chap in the next bed spoke. 'You're lucky,' he whispered to me, 'to have somebody love you like that.' He only whispered, but you know how a whisper carries sometimes. This sounded as though he had shouted, and little Berthe heard him. She stopped at the door, and turned and looked at the poor old corporal in the next bed, there. They had taken some of the bandages off his head this morning, and he looked very gruesome. Berthe put her basket down, flitted to my bed, took away the packet of cigarettes she had brought me, went to the next bed with them, and whispered to the corporal. She was only there a second. I saw her little arms on the pillow. She bent over that terribly seared face and kissed it softly, gently, and several times. '*Au revoir, mon caporal*,' she said, 'I'll come again on Thursday, and every Thursday till you're better.'

—•••—

"The nurse says that the corporal will very likely owe his life to little Berthe. She has put heart into him. Little-angel-of-the-good-God, *va*! She ought to have the Military Medal." And the sergeant swore for several minutes with exceeding picturesqueness.

Amazing German Discovery!

THE ENGLISH SPORTSMAN-SLACKER, UNKNOWN IN ENGLAND, ARRIVES IN BERLIN

FROM THE MUNICH ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL "JUGEND"

Translation: "You are wonderful in your hunting clothes, Lord Stowe, but military uniform would suit you even better"

(We are indebted to our German contemporary for this kindly little attempt to help British recruiting, and only regret that it comes sixteen months too late. The last occasion on which "Lord Stowe"—i.e., the young English hunting nobleman—appeared in pink was in the season of two years ago. Since August, 1914, he has been hunting the Hun, not the fox.—ED.)

NOTES *from* THE HAGUE

DIPLOMATIC COMINGS AND GOINGS

(From a Resident Correspondent)

THE HAGUE, *Dec.* 1, 1915

THERE is a little story which has probably not appeared in print before. It is worth recording, as it illustrates the—shall we say marvellous?—state of equipment of the Royal Naval Division at Antwerp. It was told me by one of the officers.

(SCENE: *On the frontier just before part of the Division entered Dutch territory.*)

OFFICER (*to able seaman*): "Hullo! Jackson, where in thunder did you find that entrenching tool?"

ABLE SEAMAN JACKSON: "Picked it up near the trenches, sir, and carried it all the way. Don't know whose it is, sir, but I thought it might be useful."

OFFICER: "Well, Jackson, you deserve a special medal for that. Do you know you have carried from Antwerp *the whole of the entrenching equipment of the Royal Naval Division?*"

—•••—

Talking of Antwerp, I have just read Winston Churchill's speech, and have discussed the Antwerp part of it with people likely to know the details. I gather that some of his statements about the Naval Division give a wrong impression of the true state of affairs.

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Here, as elsewhere, there is a certain amount of Peace Talk. Its origin is undoubtedly German, and the purpose of it is quite obvious. The Boches know they have failed in their objectives both east and west, and are confronted with the spectre of national disaster if the war continues much longer. Their diplomatists here, and probably in other neutral countries, have evidently been given the tip to fly little peace kites to ascertain the volume (if any) and the direction of the wind. For instance, a friend of mine at the Hotel des Indes here heard Herr von Stumm, the First Secretary of the German Legation, remark to a journalist, who represents a New York paper which is pro-Boche in its sympathies, that this was *the* moment for the opening of peace pourparlers in America.

Sir Francis Oppenheimer, our commercial attaché, has returned from a protracted visit to Switzerland, where he has been starting an organisation much on the same lines as the Netherlands Overseas Trust. Sir Francis has the misfortune to be German by birth. He has held British Consular posts in Germany and is a naturalised Englishman. He is an extremely able official, and knows more than a little about old furniture. His knowledge of Germany and commercial matters stand him in good stead in his present position. During his prolonged absence his place was taken, but perhaps not filled, by Mr. de Villiers.

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The temporary appointment of Mr. de Villiers was one of those curiosities of British methods which are not easy to fathom. Commercially, Holland is, at the moment, a country of more than ordinary importance. Extremely difficult questions of contraband, of shipping and commerce generally, crop up constantly. In order to deal with these questions and to take some of the commercial work off the hands of the already over-worked diplomatic staff of the Legation, the British Government sent an official in the book department of the British Museum, because he happened to know South African "*taal!*"

—•••—

Can you imagine anyone, try as he might, less likely to fill with satisfaction to himself or anyone else the post of commercial attaché at The Hague at the present time? If there were no commercial attaché available from the vacated posts of Berlin, Vienna, or Constantinople, a good man of business, preferably in the shipping business, might have been selected.

—•••—

The Netherlands Overseas Trust is an organisation created to overcome a difficult situation. In a few words, its *raison d'être* is to enable the British Government to allow certain articles necessary to Holland to be imported into the country on the Trust's guarantee that such articles do not find their way to enemy countries. This guarantee is supported by a large cash deposit, often exceeding the value of the goods, and a system of fines for firms who transgress the rules and regulations of the Trust. The idea of it is all right, but in practice I don't think there has been such complete supervision as is necessary to prevent goods consigned to the Trust from reaching Germany. More about this later.

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Mr. Brand Whitlock, American Minister at Brussels, stopped a few days at The Hague on his way home. He looked worn and ill, due largely, no doubt, to the strain of his very trying work as protector of the helpless subjects of Germany's enemies in Belgium, and specially to the Cavell case.

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By the bye, I hear that the opinion of every one of the American Corps Diplomatique in Brussels is that Miss Cavell's life would have been spared if she had not been English. That was her real crime. I have it on good authority that the Kaiser was in Belgium before, during, and after the trial, and no doubt kept himself informed as to details.

—•••—

An interesting little ceremony took place at the Legation the other day when our Minister, on behalf of the British Government, presented each of the three Dutch doctors, who had succoured many survivors of the *Hogue*, *Cressy*, and *Aboukir*, with a massive piece of silver, suitably inscribed, in recognition of their services.

—•••—

The Chancellor of the Exchequer might be glad to hear of a somewhat novel tax which is to be introduced in this country. It is a tax on every Christian name beyond one. Quite a good idea, two such names being an obvious luxury—but it's rather hard on the holders of them, and would seem fairer to tax godfathers and godmothers.

—•••—

Billiard-tables and stoves are also to be taxed, and I rather think baths as well, which seem still to be considered in the light of an unnecessary luxury here.

Week-End Leave and How to Obtain It

Personal application is first made to the Orderly Corporal, giving Age, Number, Height, Religion, Previous Convictions, etc., etc., etc.

When pass is due you ask the Orderly Sergeant, who refers you to—

The Company-Sergeant-Major, who sends you to—

The Battalion-Sergeant-Major, who directs you to—

Your Company Officer who sends you back to—

The Orderly Sergeant, who had it all the time, but can't bear parting with it

"You are then just in time—for this!"

An experience that has been, and is being, regularly endured by many thousands of our readers

BY THORPE

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Whirl of the Town" at the Palladium

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE Revue at the Palladium has, I believe, already enjoyed a fair measure of success in Manchester, though as a genial wit, correcting the well-known saw, has remarked, what they think in Manchester to-day, the rest of the world thought last week. No doubt this Revue, *The Whirl of the Town*, will shake down all right in its new home presently, but for the moment it seems hardly strong enough to compete with its many very sturdy rivals. The idea is a good one; but no attempt seems to have been made to carry it through to its logical conclusion with very great energy. The story opens on "The Planet of Venus"—doubtless in conjunction with Mars. I mean, I don't know anything of astronomy; I can judge only by what I see about me. I live in a country suburb that is at present honoured by the presence of a portion of Kitchener's army, and—well, you can't keep your eyes shut all the time, and, besides, I was young once myself, and all that kind of thing.

MR. BARD'S "STEPPING-STONES OF HIS DEAD SELVES"

The trouble on the planet Venus is all about Cupid, who is judged to be not sufficiently up-to-date to suit the very stirring times in which we live. They tell me that after the war there won't be nearly enough young men to go round, and the slow, mid-Victorian method of sitting coyly at home and, as it were, waiting for a bite, will hardly suit the rising generation of eligible young ladies. I do not know what alternative they will propose, though I have no reasons to suppose that it will be a course of which I cannot approve, as my tastes in these matters have always been properly catholic. The fair goddesses on the planet Venus decide to put Cupid into the melting-pot and start fresh with a more modern edition of him. The result of the boiling-down is a superior sort of Cupid represented by Mr. Wilkie Bard, who is at once despatched to earth to perform the apparently hopeless task of finding a pair of really true lovers. It seemed to me that this programme opened up a world of possibilities that could be turned to hilarious account in such a Revue as this; but after a little while the plot became almost exclusively identified with Mr. Wilkie Bard's amusing personality, which was exploited for all it was worth. Mr. Bard has, of course, a tremendous following. He is the one comedian who can be relied on to compel an audience to join in the chorus of any song he chooses to sing, and the more ridiculous the chorus the greater enthusiasm does he evoke. Myself, like Thomas Carlyle, I have "unhappily no voice for singing." I have sat in places of entertainment where everybody around me was joyously shouting nonsense at

(Continued on page 440)

CUPID UP-TO-DATE (passed by Mrs. Grundy)

Economical Dishes in War Time.

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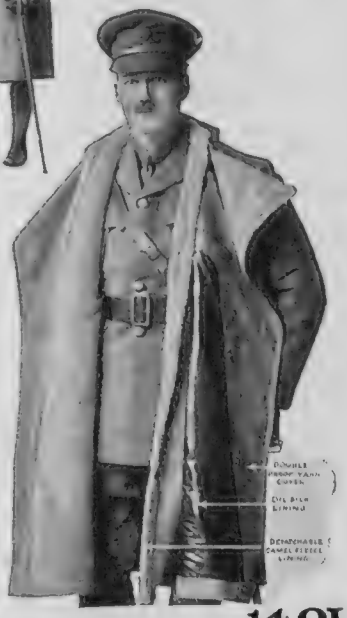

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By an ingenious device it is convertible from a short coat for water-logged trenches to a long coat for driving rain. The "Trencher" is made in varied sizes to fit any figure, and may be ordered by post by stating chest measurement and height. The price is £5 15s. 6d., cash with order.

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THERE is an immensity of difference between the style imparted by the exclusive military tailor and those who have adopted this branch on the exigency of the moment. Only the finest quality khaki whipcords and baratheas are used, as the House is determined to maintain the reputation it has made, and refuses to supply Officers with any material or article of kit which cannot be absolutely guaranteed. The prices charged are reasonable because the House is one of the largest buyers of khaki in London.

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 438)

CUPID À LA WILKIE BARD

Mr. Bard's bidding, and where my silence may have been attributed by those near me to cheap superciliousness. Whereas, I have simply been merciful.

—•••—

As Cupid, Mr. Bard comes down to earth and opens "The Love Bureau," which is an institution

CHARM AND ENERGY

offering a substantial money-prize to the lovers who can prove to the satisfaction of the committee that they never get out of temper with each other. Cupid, who has developed a very wary eye for business, charges all competitors for the prize a guinea for the necessary interview. We are favoured with the sight of only one couple, however, and their procedure is on the lines of the obvious all the time. They arrive on the scene with their lips glued together in an ecstasy of affection, and a few moments later go away quarrelling violently over the merest trifle. That, of course, was what we had expected they would do, and I for one naturally assumed that their scene was only a prelude to the really humorous part of the entertainment. But a few minutes later Cupid was being caught in the toils of a pretty widow, and the main object of his visit to earth appeared to have escaped his notice.

—•••—

The next scene was a Fire Station, and this resolved itself into a sort of extra turn by Mr. Bard, who worked wonders with the slenderest of material. It may be that by this time Mr. Bard has been able to get a better grip of things, but at the first performance it seemed to me that it needed some courage to offer goods of this sort as a genuine outbreak of humour. Mr. Bard is the fireman apparently in sole charge of the station; and when an unhappy man comes hurrying on and says that his shop is on fire, he is asked whether he is insured or not. Replying in the affirmative, the man is then told that he need not bother any more, or words to that effect. A little later on, news comes that there is a fire at a local brewery and that the workmen are swimming in beer; and Mr. Bard at once picks up the largest jug in the Fire Station and starts for the scene of the excitement. But I really think London has grown out of that type of humour.

"BEAUTY" THAT IS NOT SKIN DEEP

Mr. Bard receives loyal and capable assistance from Mr. Charles Hart, who appears as a burnt-cork nigger. Mr. Hart's quiet humour is quite excellent, and the hopeless state of dejection which he assumes throughout is something more than merely amusing. Charm and beauty are generously supplied to the entertainment by Miss Daisy Wood and Miss Joan Hay; while the usual beauty chorus of quite unusual liveliness is an abiding joy. It is the ordinary thing for a revue, however modest its commencement, to develop strength and attractiveness very quickly; and I have no doubt that this happy state of affairs will be the ultimate destiny of *The Whirl of the Town*.

JINGLE

AN ATTITUDE DESIGNED TO CATCH THE EYE

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

"Journeys End in Lovers Missing"

BY ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

FROM the corner seat in an empty first-class compartment of the boat train from Folkestone a bronzed man in khaki watched the passing landscape with tired, yet eager eyes. Richard Heron was coming home for his first leave after nearly eleven months of active service. He had gone out as a subaltern; he was returning as a captain, with, moreover, a mention in dispatches to his credit, and the fair promise of even more considerable things in future.

But it was not of these he was thinking as he gazed out at the panorama of hop-fields and comfortable little meadows, but of the experience that lay now so close before him. Surely, he thought, that encounter at the London station would be one of the strangest that even such a place of meetings had ever witnessed.

From his breast pocket he pulled a small case containing a bundle of creased and well-thumbed letters. These he began to read carefully, though he already knew the contents by heart. From time to time he would pause, remembering the circumstances in which each had been received. There was a stain on one of them. . . . And in a few moments he was to meet the writer, that unknown woman who during the past months had come gradually to be his most intimate friend in the world, whom he had already practically asked to share his life, whom, nevertheless, he had never seen.

He recalled the strange beginning of their intimacy, the night in the trenches when Private Huggins of his platoon had been hit, and how the dying man had begged him to convey a last message of gratitude to an English lady whose letters had cheered a friendless soldier. Heron had faithfully carried out that request, adding—because, something in the letters taken from Huggins had stirred his interest—a suggestion that perhaps the writer of them might be willing to continue her errand of sympathy to one whom circumstances had made as friendless as the dead man had been. That was how everything had started, nearly six months ago. There had been a great many letters since then.

Remembered phrases from one and another of them caught his eye as he read, the phrases that had helped to establish an extraordinary community of interests between a lonely man and woman, both workers. Evelyn Trevenham was a journalist and story-writer, who lived alone, without family or ties, and earned by her pen a sufficient income, which it appeared the war had reduced appreciably. Her personality came out with quite extraordinary clearness in the letters. It accounted for everything.

And now they were to meet, two mental intimates who were yet entire strangers in body. Though nothing definite had been said, there was a sufficiently clear understanding, on both sides, of the intention with which this meeting had been arranged. He turned to the last of the letters. "I am sometimes a little afraid," she wrote, "of what effect our actual encounter may have upon a friendship that has become to me one of the things that matter most in my life. But I argue against this fear as unworthy of both you and myself. Surely by this time we know each other too well for the trivialities to have much influence. Though you may never have seen even a picture of your friend, you know that I am neither young nor beautiful. That I should repeat this warning sounds self-conscious and *gauche*, but I believe you will understand the reason—as you have understood everything so far. . . ." There followed details by which mutual recognition was to be assured. Evelyn was to wear a rose in her dress, and to carry a copy of the book they had both lately admired. It was she who had stipulated for this station meeting-place, the publicity of which might overcome certain mutual embarrassments. Afterwards they were to dine together at her flat—and talk.

By this time the train was running through suburbs; the mean or back-gardens of the Capital presenting themselves in depressing reiteration to the traveller. It slackened speed, jolting over cross rails.

Sensible of a youthful and unexpected agitation, Heron rose, glancing at himself as he did so in the strip of mirror beneath the luggage rack. The reflection of a middle-aged soldier with greying moustache and hair rebuked him for these untimely tremors. Fool! It was he who should have apologised, not the woman. However, it was too late now. They had arrived. He opened the door and stepped out upon the crowded platform.

. . . . . .

An hour later Heron, seated in an obscure corner of the smoking-room of his hotel, with a whiskey and soda before him, was endeavouring to marshal his scattered thoughts into a clear recollection of exactly what had happened at the station, and to form some course of action for the immediate future. The hand with which he lifted the glass was unsteady; he had all the appearance of a man whose already overwrought nerves had experienced a severe and unpleasant shock. And yet, he told himself with a twisted smile at his own expense, the thing was in outline funny enough. Yet now that it had actually happened it did not seem in the least funny. Damnable rather!

When he had stepped from the train he had stood for a few moments almost bewildered by the hurry and bustle about him. Meetings and embraces were taking place on every side; everywhere returned soldiers like himself were being welcomed by excited relatives and friends, and carried off in the midst of admiring groups. Only he seemed friendless. Gradually the crowd departed, and in its wake he walked slowly towards the barrier; his mind already vaguely apprehensive. And then, standing on the other side of the gate, he saw her. The crimson of the rose, an aggressive note of colour against her black dress, caught his eye first; then he saw it echoed in the familiar cover of the book she carried under her arm; and in one cataclysmic instant of revelation he realised the truth. It was difficult to fix in retrospect what exactly had told him, so altogether unmistakably, the whole hideous error of the situation. The girl was pretty enough, younger than he had expected, neatly and quietly dressed—save for the rose—in black. Yet in the first instant of his detecting her he knew that every idea with which the meeting had been brought about was become a grotesque impossibility. He had been moving forward mechanically while these thoughts swept through his mind. The girl was standing close beside the gate through which he had to pass, scrutinising the travellers as they emerged, presenting herself obviously for recognition. A group of high-spirited "Tommies" immediately in front of Heron, larking like schoolboys at their holiday, gave her some jesting salutation. She turned away her head, but her colour and the half-concealed smile were acknowledgments that the experience was pleasing and, perhaps, not unfamiliar. There was no time for hesitation. With averted face, and no sign of recognition, he hurried past and flung himself into a taxi. He was half-way to the hotel before full realisation of what he had done came to him.

Something had got to be decided at once. Heron cursed himself for an impulsive and impressionable fool; but no amount of remorse could mitigate the one great fact. To all intents and purposes he had asked Evelyn Trevenham to marry him; by every code of honour he was bound to see her, and, if need be, to abide by his word.

Fantastic suggestions for escape floated before his imagination. He might do as Garrick did in the play, and, while seeming ready to carry out his own part of the compact, seek to disgust Evelyn with a fictitious presentment of himself as drunken, vacuous, or generally undesirable

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(Continued on page 444

GIVE PRACTICAL PRESENTS THIS YEAR.

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"Waterloo," a beautiful design in best quality satin, with insertion and panel of plain satin, reverse of printed satin, filled best quality down. Colours green, blue, grey and purple. Size 54 in. by 4 ft. (single bed), **15/9**; 6 ft. by 5 ft. (double bed), **21/-**.

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164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (*concluded from page 442*)

This idea was rejected, partly because of a darker suspicion that lurked behind it. Would it be easy to disgust such a woman as he had just seen? That way madness lay. Heron shivered, and drank some more whiskey. And then, while he was revolving this and other schemes, all with a view to providing some loophole for himself, yet another idea took possession of his mind. What of Evelyn and her outlook? Surely it was impossible, despite the evidence of his eyes, that the character of her, as he had built it up from her own words, was wholly false. There were instances in plenty of persons to whom the world had never done justice because their true quality was obscured by surface vulgarities. The idea had force enough to strengthen what was beginning to form itself in his mind as a demand for justice on the part of this woman to whom he had become responsible. It fixed his resolution. Come what might, he would pay, even to the ultimate sacrifice. Into the details of that sacrifice, the disillusion, the long-drawn martyrdom of all his ideals, he resolutely declined to look. He rose firmly, his face set and grim, and went out into the street. There he hailed another taxi, and directed himself to be driven to the address of Evelyn Trevenham's flat. His whole demeanour expressed less the lover than the innocent convict on the way to execution.

During the short journey this expression grew and deepened. Despite his resolve not to look too closely at the future, by the time that the taxi drew up at the entrance to the Mansions, Heron knew pretty clearly just what it was in which his quixotism was involving him. The ascent of the stairs proffered itself as a final opportunity for escape; but he stifled the impulse as he had overcome others that had assailed him in the cab. At last he reached the top stage, and the door that displayed Miss Trevenham's number. The sight of it, familiar on so many of his own pencil-scrawled envelopes, gave him a thrill more ironically bitter than any yet. Next moment he had mastered this also, and resolutely pressed the bell.

Not until then, when he stood facing that shortly-to-be-opened portal as one might face that of a dreaded dentist, did Heron realise that some explanation would surely be demanded of him for his failure to greet Evelyn at the station. The idea, thus suddenly presented, threw him again into an agony of nervous perplexity, increased by the sound of swiftly approaching footsteps from within the flat. Suddenly panic, wild and unreasoning, gripped him. Under the impulse of it he turned to make for the stairs. His foot was actually upon the first of them when he saw that the door had opened, and that confronting him from the threshold was the figure whom he had avoided at the station. . . .

For a moment he hesitated, staring foolishly. Then by degrees the significance of one detail forced its way into his mind, obliterating all else. The girl, unmistakably the same, who was now watching him with a look in which curiosity, interest, and amusement were blended, wore, over the dark dress that he recollected, a cap and apron. . . .

Two strides took Dick across the little landing. "Miss Trevenham?" he managed to say, still staring.

The unknown held the door wide open with a gesture that invited him to enter. "Step in, please," she said.

Still Dick's mind fought with uncertainties. "You—you know who I am?" he faltered.

The girl smiled broadly. "Captain Heron, isn't it? I must have missed you somehow at the station."

"You?" Doubt surged back again.

"Yes, sir. Miss Trevenham twisted her ankle as she was dressing to go to meet you, so she sent me instead. I took the flower and the book as it was arranged. I'm very sorry if——."

"Good Lord!" cried Dick. Then he recovered himself with a violent effort. "I—I'm sure it wasn't your fault," he said. "Here's a sovereign to compensate you for your trouble. And now—where is your mistress?"

He had pushed unceremoniously past her into the little hall. The astonished girl, pocketing the sovereign (conscience money, had she but known it), indicated a door at the far end. "Miss Trevenham is lying on the sitting-room couch," she said, adding archly, "She's been expecting you all afternoon."

But Dick had already opened the door. His face was radiant. "Hullo, Evelyn," he said, "I'm afraid I'm late. I made an idiotic blunder on the journey."

To the end of her life Evelyn Heron will never know what that blunder was. ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

Shoolbred's

Dainty FURS for Christmas Gifts

An immense variety of Rich Fur Sets, also single Muffs, Ties, and Stoles.

NETTA, as illustration. A smart "Animal" Tie in White Fox, from

£6 6 0

Muff to match at same price.

"Animal" Ties in Black Wolf from 31/6. Muffs from 50/-

WE CLOSE AT 6 P.M.

Tottenham Court Rd., London, W

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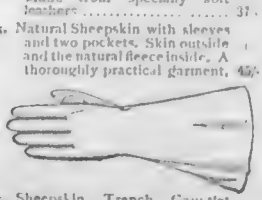
Leather Clothing is undoubtedly the best for Winter Service Wear. Warm, Windproof, Hygienic, it forms a splendid protection against exposure in the trenches or in the field. The models shown here are designed from the advice and practical experience of Officers who spent last winter in Flanders.

UNDER JACKETS

1. Natural Chamois Leather with sleeves. Two pockets inside, two pockets outside. Made from stout, soft leathers..... 21/-
2. Tan Leather with sleeves. Warm flannel lining and two pockets. Made from selected "glove leathers 29/6
2. Tan Leather with sleeves. Lined warm flannel. Specially stout soft leathers. Can be worn buttoned up at neck or open to show collar and tie 37/6
3. Brown Dustless Suede with sleeves. Lined warm flannel. Made from specially soft leathers 37/-
4. Natural Sheepskin with sleeves and two pockets. Skin outside and the natural fleece inside. A thoroughly practical garment. 45/-



5. Sheepskin Trench Gauntlet Glove, with the natural fleece inside. Very Warm. Handsewn 6/6

WAISTCOATS

5. Tan Leather. Warm flannel lining. Two pockets. Well made from selected leathers. 21/-
6. Tan Leather, lined warm flannel. Two pockets. Can be worn buttoned up at neck or open to show collar and tie .. 25/-
7. Brown Dustless Suede. Lined warm flannel. Two pockets 25/-
8. Natural Sheepskin Waistcoat with skin outside and natural fleece inside. Exceptionally comfortable and warm in wear 25/-

For Post Orders give Chest Size. Gooc's Post Free in L.K. To France, 1/- extra.

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NEWMAN HOUSE, 90 and 92, Oxford St., W.
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Ever timed your Pipe?

You will find Bond of Union lasts half as long again as an ordinary mixture. It is composed of certain choice kinds of Tobacco leaf which yield an essentially slow, cool smoke.

And a special process of curing ensures the perfect development of the true flavour of each individual leaf.

Medium & Full. **7d. per oz.**

Mild, 7½d.

You can send Bond of Union duty free to your friends at the Front. Order from your tobacconist.

Before you pay 8d. for Tobacco try Bond of Union

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., Liverpool & London.

Officer: So you have arrived at last.

Dunlop: Yes, by good fortune. I have had a deuce of a time.

Officer: What's been the matter?

Dunlop: The car has been sliding about all over the place. No proper non-skids. There ought to be one steel-studded and one grooved cover on each pair of wheels. A steel-studded cover grips where an all-rubber cover doesn't, and vice-versa. It is the only arrangement for all weathers, and your roads out here are the limit just now.

DUNLOP

RUBBER COMPANY, LD.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,
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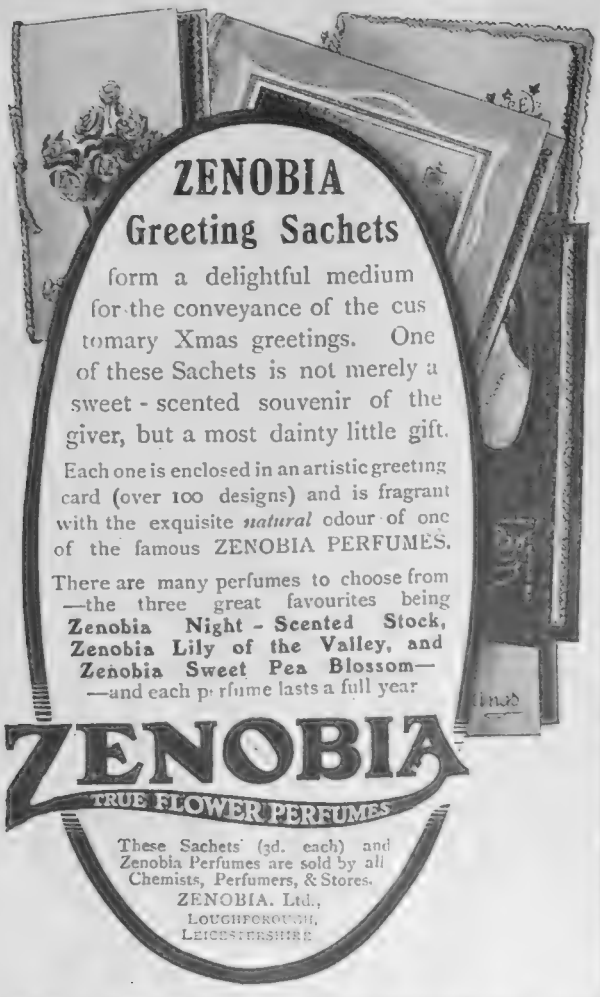
Trade Mark.



ZENOBIA
Greeting Sachets

form a delightful medium for the conveyance of the customary Xmas greetings. One of these Sachets is not merely a sweet-scented souvenir of the giver, but a most dainty little gift.

Each one is enclosed in an artistic greeting card (over 100 designs) and is fragrant with the exquisite *natural* odour of one of the famous ZENOBIA PERFUMES.

There are many perfumes to choose from—the three great favourites being **Zenobia Night-Scented Stock, Zenobia Lily of the Valley, and Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom**—and each perfume lasts a full year

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These Sachets (3d. each) and Zenobia Perfumes are sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, & Stores.
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LOUGHBOROUGH,
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The War-time Beverage for All

Once you've tried *Milkmaid* Café au Lait you won't want to go back to ordinary Coffee. *Milkmaid* Café au Lait gives the flavour perfect as you ever get it in France. It is *economical* because you need neither milk nor sugar—and these are items nowadays! You simply add boiling water.

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Write for attractive illustrated Book of Recipes, post free on request.
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By Appointment *to H.M. the King*

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE,
ENTIRELY WITHOUT RESERVE.
High-class, Second-hand and Antique
FURNITURE
CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS,
To the Value of over £500,000.

The CONTENTS of several large TOWN and COUNTRY MANSIONS removed for convenience of Sale.
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122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Well-made solid walnut bedroom suites, complete, at **5gs.**; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full size complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at **£5 17s. 6d.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at **£6 15s.**; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large bedroom suites, at **£9 17s. 6d.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses complete, **45s.**; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, **12gs.**; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass square-tube full-size bedsteads, with superior spring mattress, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and very choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites up to **300gs.** Several fine antique Queen Anne and other Tallboy chests, gents' wardrobes, &c., &c.

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Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE, **£45**; smaller size Billiard Dining Table, by Burgess, **15gns.**

Several sets of complete Old English table glass, from **£4 15s.**; two oak American roll-top desks, at **£4 7s. 6d.** Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs, at **17s. 6d.**; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, **£8 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, **42s.**; eighteen luxurious Chesterfield settees, **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at **£1 10s.**; magnificently carved grandfather clocks: also a quantity of very finely carved oak furniture, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Adams' design furniture at equally low prices.

SEVERAL FINE-TONED PIANOS.

George Brinsmead, **27gs.**; nearly new pianoforte, by Venables and Co., **14gs.**; a good tone pianoforte, in perfect condition, by John Brinsmead, **12gs.**; capital pianoforte, nearly new, by Philip Dudley, **18gs.**; Collard and Collard, **14gs.**; a splendid tone short grand, in handsome case, **25gs.**; and several others, all in excellent condition.

DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in Louis XIV. and Louis Seize styles, comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid.

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled.
SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.
A Magnificent 20 H.P. MINERVA MOTOR CAR, with Landaulette Body, as new, **£200**, cost £1200.
Also a 1914 "MITCHELL" MOTOR CAR, equal to new, **£135.**

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Little Boy's First Suit, Brown Corauroy Knickerbockers, with jumper of russet brown linen, from 45/6.

Specialist in Girls' School Outfits and Little Boys' First Suits.

Christmas Shopping Notes—II.

GIFTS TO SUIT ALL PURSES AND TASTES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

ALTHOUGH in times like these nothing can be quite "as usual," yet one undoubted effect of the war has been to knit more closely together the ties of kinship and friendship. And, if only for this reason, though there are, of course, others, we are justified in clinging to the traditions of Christmas and to the interchange of gifts with which the festival has been associated from time immemorial. Even the most rigid economist will admit that a little latitude in the way of expenditure is permissible at Christmas-time, and no one can say that the shops have not risen to the occasion. The brief survey of the tempting display of seasonable gifts on sale at a number of the principal shopping centres which we entered upon last week is continued hereunder.

Récherché Silver Goods

A favourite shopping centre at all times, and especially at Christmas, is the old-established house of Mappin and Webb. For those who have the wherewithal there are costly gifts of a superbly beautiful character, but in deference to the more general demand, the articles chosen for illustration come under the less costly category. Sterling silver is the salient feature of these suggestions, the case containing six teaspoons with plain seal ends being purveyed at 15*s.*, the dainty little tea-strainer at 16*s.* 6*d.*, and the attendant sterling silver stand at 18*s.* 6*d.* Other similarly available ideas include some of the very prettiest pierced sterling silver sweetmeat stands, 4¾in. high, at a guinea, two of which would make a delightful gift for those in need of such table accessories; while in the well-known Prince's Plate there are a very host of useful ideas. An egg-cup with attendant spoon, slipped through a ring, so that it may never be lacking, and a sugar-dredger, at 12*s.* 6*d.*, with tastefully pierced top, standing 6in. high, represent most reasonable gifts, as do likewise Prince's Plate muffin, butter, and preserve dishes. A sterling silver condiment set in velvet-lined case includes four salt cellars and spoon, two mustard and two pepper-pots, glass linings enhancing all but the two last-named. This complete at £5 15*s.* is of arresting value. And very quaint and alluring is a silver bell for the table, offered in three sizes, respectively priced at £1 12*s.* 6*d.*, £2 5*s.*, and £3. Sent post free throughout the British Isles is the specially illustrated list of appropriate gifts issued by Mappin and Webb, Oxford Street.

DAINTY SILVER-WARE

Tea-strainer with stand, and case of six teaspoons with plain seal ends, at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's, Oxford Street

Chez Dickins and Jones

From cover to cover of their dainty Christmas brochure Dickins and Jones evince their usual taste. One finds, for instance, such acceptable gifts as a pretty box containing three pairs of Italian silk stockings, while in another similar receptacle there repose six pairs of pure silk hose in black, white, or colours—a reasonably enough priced gift in its way at 34*s.* 6*d.* Always a prominent feature at Hanover House are the small etceteras of dress, *fichus*, collars, vests, sashes, and the like, presents that intelligently placed are infinitely more acceptable than some unnecessary trifle or ornament. Augmented as always in view of Christmas is that remarkably well-equipped *bijouterie* corner of the house, so reminiscent of Paris, where the newest notions in paste *motifs* for velvet neckbands, lace brooches, inexpensive earrings, and hat pins galore stay many a step, and solve many a trying gift problem. Of bags, as might be expected, a generous choice is to be found here. One of the most alluring is of oblong shape suitable for either day or evening use, and is fashioned of the new *faille* silk, completed by a mount of imitation shell, in blonde or *jaspe*. The whole idea is particularly chaste and charming, a reticule for the *grande dame*, and obtainable in black navy or *tête de nègre*, lined silk, with hanging mirror and purse, at the very accessible price of 49*s.* 6*d.* Of the pair illustrated one is a novel expression of the popular wide shape, a smart bag of striped silk, in either black or navy. On being unclasped there is revealed a dainty interior of champagne corded silk, replete with hanging mirror and puff-case, which, together with the whole turn-out, renders the price of 13*s.* 9*d.* simply remarkable. The other bag depicted is a real reticule, after the style beloved of our grandmothers. *Faille* silk is once again the fabricating medium, the lining of delicate coloured corded silk, a smart flexible edging allowing this to be seen. A little vanity-case and purse attached to the lining completes a genuinely covetable possession.

TWO HANDBAGS

Selected for illustration out of a large number affording a wide range of choice, at Messrs. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. A description of them is given on this page

Wine and Wassail

Although, of course, entertaining at the West-End restaurants is not indulged in to the same extent or on quite the same scale as it was before the war, there is, nevertheless, still a certain amount of hospitality going on, the recipients being mainly friends in khaki who are in town on leave. On these occasions champagne seems to flow "as usual," and it is equally apparent that among the brands in vogue that of "Bollinger" continues to hold its own.

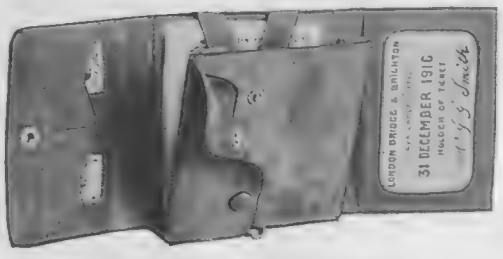
For Friends at Home and Abroad

In preference to launching forth into a series of novelties, the firm of Boswell Hensman, 91, Regent Street, have adhered to certain exclusive expressions of familiar and utilitarian articles. As, for example, their

(Continued on page 448)

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 447)

"Botha" note-case, a combined receptacle for £1 and 10*s.* notes, season tickets, cards, and stamps, and pockets for papers—a real *multum in parvo*, and as neat as it is capacious. When closed the case measures 3¾in by 3½in., and can be had in silver-mole calf, or grey-mole calf at 12*s.* 6*d.*, and in seal pigskin for half a guinea. Another individual inspiration is a three-fold Treasury note-case, with stiff sides and elastic band, and a pocket for visiting cards. This is somewhere about the same size as the "Botha," and is brought out in silver-mole calf and real pigskin only. A welcome and handsome gift to a man, whether at home or abroad, is Boswell Hensman's registered design of a watertight and damp-proof matchbox, suitable for either wax or safety matches (Swedish size). It is, furthermore, supplied with an indestructible striker, and is sufficiently capacious to hold a whole box of safety matches. This, in extra heavy sterling silver, costs 32*s.* 4*d.*, but for some superlatively generous gift is also brought out in gold. A frame of assured success for soldiers' photographs is one obtainable in khaki drill, khaki mole calf, dark pigskin, and dark brown antique, enhanced by regimental ribbons and buttons; or for a small extra charge a bronze badge can be substituted for the button. In accordance with their usual custom, Boswell Hensman's have brought out a fully illustrated Christmas gift list, which will be posted free to all applicants mentioning this paper.

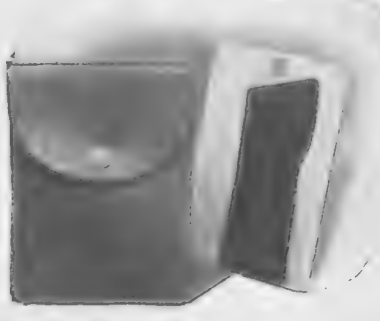


EMINENTLY SERVICEABLE

Watertight matchbox with everlasting striker, and "Botha" note-case, at Messrs. Boswell Hensman's, 91, Regent Street

The Hall Mark of Mark Cross

If you want to send a suitable gift to a soldier friend, something that he will be really glad to have, whether he is in camp, in billets, or at the front, you will find it for a certainty at Mark Cross's, Ltd., 89, Regent Street. Or, again, if you are so placed, perhaps because you yourself are a soldier on active service, that you cannot do your shopping in person, you can send to the firm for their illustrated catalogue, in which are included plenty of things suitable for gifts for the folks at home, and after you have sent your instructions they will do the rest. They will pack and despatch the goods you have ordered free of cost to any address in the United Kingdom. Of the two articles which we have selected for illustration the bag, the appearance of which is enhanced by the neat jewel-set silver clasp, is made either in black or blue *faille* silk, and the outer and inner frames are silk covered. Each bag is fitted with a handled mirror and a puff-case, and the price is 48*s.* The "Cross" service mirror, (also illustrated) which is made of a fine sheet of metal hammered and burnished, is as good as a looking-glass and unbreakable. It measures 5in. by 3¾in., and is drilled for hanging up. The case is of solid pigskin lined with chamois leather, and the whole thing costs only 6*s.* Other "service" requisites are cigarette-cases, tobacco pouches, safety razors, toilet kit, and photo cases.



HANDBAG AND "SERVICE" MIRROR

At Messrs. Mark Cross's, Ltd., 89, Regent Street. A description of them appears on this page

Some Novelties in Handbags

Apparently the revival of the pocket has not in the least upset the nerve of those responsible for the output of reticules. For at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, a house always significantly up-to-date, there are to be seen many most attractive bags, a marked penchant being shown for black silk *moiré*. Of the two examples illustrated below one is of black silk *moiré*, lined silk brocade with small inside pocket and nickel mount knob fastening, representing unquestionable value at half a guinea. This new wide shape is fighting in rivalry with an oblong, likewise offered here in black *moiré*, lined coloured satin, and fitted with mirror and puff-case; while for more generally practical service Harvey Nichols recommend a black real seal leather—the subject of the other picture—lined leather with a mount of engraved nickel. Here, as elsewhere, photo frames play their part, a full range of sizes in a leather fancy, brown or dark green, with neat gilt borders, commencing in price at 1*s.* 9½*d.* And the fact will not be overlooked that for dainty Yuletide gifts there is no more inspiring centre than Harvey Nichols' special china section. The firm, by the way, are not issuing any Christmas catalogue.

A BRACE OF RETICULES

One of seal leather, and the other of black silk "moiré," at Messrs. Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge

The Mayfair Flower Industry

It is infinitely to the credit of Marshall and Snelgrove that some time prior to the war they recognised and established a flower industry actually under the Oxford Street roof. The venture was launched under the most distinguished auspices, and the display this year surpasses all records. So wonderfully and delicately wrought are these artificial blooms, to resemble nature's own handiwork, that they can be grouped with real blooms, and only detected on the closest investigation. A notable feature of the display this season is a great beaten copper bowl massed with these wonderful counterfeit presentments. The result is a blaze of exquisitely blended colours, which includes the long stem May tulips, hollyhocks, delphiniums, peonies, graceful Madonna lilies, etc. Making a very special appeal as gifts are the

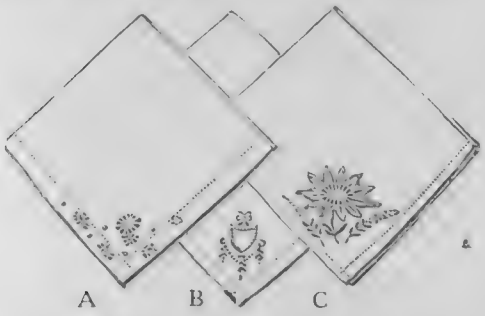
(*Continued on page 450*)

The
Regent St. House
of
Peter Robinson
Ld

Useful Xmas Gifts

THIS will be a Christmas for Practical Presents so we have provided an assortment of Gift-goods that features only the most useful and most acceptable of articles (just the kind of goods in which we excel). Prices, too, are specially moderate and will be found most helpful. Here is a suggestion:—

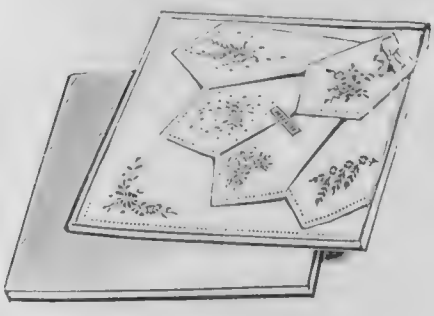
Why not give Handkerchiefs?



Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs with embroidered corner.

A.	In Irish Linen	Per doz.	10/6
B.	„ „ „	„	6/11
C.	„ Fine Mull	„	4/11

Ladies' Fine Lawn Handkerchiefs, with embroidered corner and dainty lace border.
3 in dainty box for 2/6.



Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs with embroidered corner.
6 in dainty box for 3/11.

Orders by post receive special attention

The Regent St. House of Peter Robinson

Soldier, Nurse, and—

SANAPHOS

THE IDEAL RECONSTRUCTIVE NERVE FOOD

A VALUABLE RESTORATIVE IN NEURASTHENIA NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA AND ANÆMIA

Trial Package Free to Readers.

Every reader is asked to write for a trial package of the food that is doing such wonders for wounded, worn-out and nerve-shattered soldiers; re-building flesh, strength, nerve and brain-energy with a speed that is amazing, and aiding their restoration to perfect fitness.

"Sanaphos" (which is All British, and must not be confused with German-owned preparations), is wholly digestible, and its benefit is felt almost at once. Besides restoring strength and muscle it contains the elements wanted by tired, underfed nerves; elements not present in sufficient quantities in ordinary food.

If you wake up tired, if you are sleepless, run-down, nervous or depressed, write to-day for this trial package. You will be amazed at the improvement after a few days of "Sanaphos." Mention that you are a reader of this paper and the package will be sent to you free and post paid. The address is, The British Milk Products, Co., Ltd., 69, Mark Lane, London, E.C. Sir William Taylor, Surgeon General of the Forces, is Chairman of the Company.

"Sanaphos" can now be had of Chemists, in tins, from **1s.** Avoid confusion with German-owned products, always emphasise the last part of the name "SanaPHOS."

DAINTY LINGERIE for XMAS GIFTS

Copied from the most exclusive Paris Models, and adapted and simplified to meet the present demand for garments of a particularly dainty character at quite moderate prices.

NIGHTGOWN, as sketch, in rich quality crêpe de Chine, entirely hand-made, with hand stitching and smocking, finished ribbon bow, and with bag complete. In new shades of lavender, maize, fox glove, pink, hyacinth blue, white, sky and black.

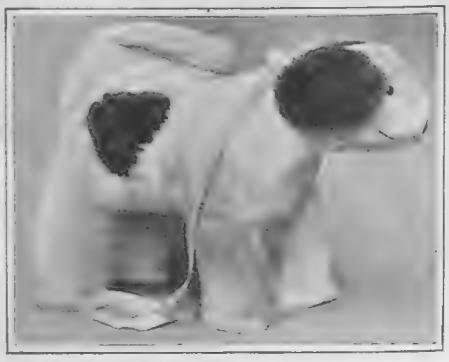
29/6

Lace and Ribbon Boudoir Cap, **12/9**.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (continued from page 448)

miniature pots containing supposedly growing flowers, or Lilliputian apple, orange and lemon trees, charming little decorations that range in price from 1s. upwards. Or to run to the other end of the scale, there are baskets of rambler roses, trailed over standards in the approved manner, or pots of La France roses, and a very wealth of choice in cut flowers, both for home and personal decoration. It is universally admitted that the Mayfair Flower Show at Marshall and Snelgrove's represents an invaluable asset at Christmas-time, when the expenditure of a few shillings secures a gift that has the merit of being in the best possible taste and exceedingly pleasing to the eye, while every purchase helps to advance the success of a British industry that has been too long allowed to lag behind other countries. Apart from their Flower Show, Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's other departments maintain their usual high level of attractiveness and originality. We illustrate a particularly pleasing toy of the grotesque type from the section devoted to gifts for quite small children.



"TRUSTY TIM"
One of a good selection of toys for small children at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's

The Pretty and the Practical Combined

I frankly confess it. I am completely obsessed by the attractions of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, Kingsway. True, a number of what I suppose may be called the leading lines are to be seen and secured at all our large stores and shops. But only a personal visit to the establishment in Kingsway can possibly plumb the well of ingenuity provided by this world-renowned American firm, which started its career in such trifles as luggage and household tags. The name is familiar enough in that connection, but to appreciate the developments of paper and cardboard in the guise of artistic productions, the depôt in question should be visited. As behoves the hour, the shop is decked out in brave array with charmingly devised and executed Christmassy decorations, in the composition of which Dennison's non-inflammable paper plays a conspicuous rôle, twisted into ropes and garlands, aided by strips of *crêpe* paper, on which are printed seasonably suitable pictures, and the most remarkable paper flower decorations, of which complete outfits are supplied with book of instructions. But the actual basis of these decorations are Dennison's gift dressing tags. No words can adequately describe the delightfully artistic character of these little cards, on which a clear space is left for the name of the recipients of the gifts to which they are attached. One could profitably spend several hours in examining in detail the fine production accorded these trifles, for the designs run into hundreds. Other wholly original and most enchanting adjuncts for enhancing the value of gifts include some jolly and beautifully made boxes of scarlet cardboard that have been brought out in every imaginable size and shape. These cost a mere trifle, and are destined to be finally enclosed within white *crêpe* paper, secured by tastefully devised narrow paper ribbons, which are gummed at the back. So charmingly enclosed, the merest trifle of a gift takes on an added lustre. Then, too, there are gifts here characteristic of the house, and of which a great deal can be learned, failing a visit, from an illustrated catalogue that can be had for the asking. Two are specially attractive, the first and most important being Dennison's Jewellery Cleaning Outfit. The possession of this simple outfit will save a woman who is fastidious over her *bijouterie* quite an appreciable sum The contents include two brushes, one being kept for dry use, a special soap, and a patent drier box, in which boxwood sawdust is used, the latter likewise being supplied. The second eminently desirable possession is one of the firm's artistically produced sealing sets box, sealing wax, and a supply of tiny candles all being carried out in one colour, a further necessary adjunct being an infinitesimal gilt candlestick, and, if desired, a seal is added, for the sum of 6*d*.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
At Messrs. Waring and Gillow's tent and army equipment factory at the White City

The Queen's Visit to Women War-Workers

On November 26 Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Mary and Prince Albert, spent a considerable time at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's White City Factory, where some 7,000 men and women are manufacturing tents and other equipment for the Army. Her Majesty, who was attended by Lady Bertha Dawkins and Mr. E. W. Wallington, made a most exhaustive inspection of the work in progress, questioning the women of the various groups about the details of the work. She was interested to learn that the women were drawn from all classes. Besides ordinary seamstresses they included the wives of officers serving at the front, former governesses, laundry maids, and domestic servants, who had all to be specially trained in tent-making. Before leaving Her Majesty was presented with a bouquet of orchids by one of the women workers and the Princess Mary with a bouquet of roses, to the accompaniment of loud and enthusiastic cheering by the workers assembled in the Central Hall.

Bits of Old Britain

There will be few families this Yuletide without some direct interest in our Army and Navy, and few, therefore, which will not find Hughes, Bolckow's patriotic gifts singularly appropriate. The well-known Dover Street firm make, in addition to their battleship teakwood furniture, a range of forty souvenirs, which make distinctive Christmas gifts. Each piece is made in their Blyth workshops from teakwood and copper taken from Britain's own battleships. We illustrate two representative pieces. The teakwood inkstand of a novel capstan design is made from the timbers of H.M.S. *Renown*, and costs 15*s*., while a similar design is adapted to a single inkstand at 10*s*. 6*d*. The candlestick, which is supplied in a round, square, or oval pattern at 9*s*. 6*d*., is hand-wrought from heavy sheet copper. The full range of Christmas gifts is attractively illustrated in the brochure "B.," which will be sent free to anyone applying to Hughes, Bolckow and Co., Ltd., 10, Dover Street, W.

MADE FROM OLD BATTLESHIPS
Candlestick of heavy sheet copper, and capstan inkstand of teakwood, at Messrs. Hughes, Bolckow and Co., 10, Dover Street

(Continued on page x)

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 627.—Vol. XLVIII. Wednesday, December 8, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

PRICE VERY LOW.

HIGH GROUND. PERFECTLY RURAL.

Close to Puckeridge Kennels.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

FOR SALE (or might be LET), this attractive FREEHOLD HOUSE, with grounds of about 6 acres: very fine lounge hall with open beam roof, billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. HEATED BY RADIATORS.
WATER FROM ARTESIAN WELL.

Stabling for 4, garage. Well-laid-out gardens and grounds.
Land tax redeemed.
Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRICE REDUCED.
Owner on Active Service.

IN THE FAVOURITE
ESHER-OXSHOTT DISTRICT.

Close to heather-clad commons and pinewoods.

FOR SALE, (or would be LET, Unfurnished or Furnished), this picturesque modern RESIDENCE, in delightful position, on high ground, commanding
EXTENSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL VIEWS TO THE SOUTH.

Pretty octagonal hall, 2 reception rooms, loggia, 6 bed and dressing rooms, large well-fitted bathroom, etc. Electric light. Company's water. Gas and telephone. Main drainage.

MOST TASTEFULLY ARRANGED GARDEN
(inexpensive to maintain).

Croquet lawn, herbaceous borders, old stone-flagged terrace walk, etc. Few minutes from golf.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

AN ABSOLUTE GIFT.

EXECUTORS MUST CLOSE ESTATE.

"DANEMORE," SOUTH GODSTONE, SURREY.

29 miles from Town, 1 mile from station.

50 YEARS' LEASE

OF THIS CAPITAL HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

RENT £87 6s. PER ANNUM.

NO PREMIUM.

3 reception, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling, garage, man's room.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

2 capital paddocks can be had if required.

Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TROUT FISHING.

ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS, NEAR NEWBURY.

CLOSE TO STATION. OVER 300FT. UP. GRAVEL SOIL.

FOR SALE, at a VERY LOW PRICE, a MINIATURE ESTATE, comprising this DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, containing: hall, gallery staircase with lantern roof, 4 reception rooms, glass lounge, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc. Modern drainage. Electric light. Radiators.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GROUNDS.

Two tennis courts, kitchen garden. Stabling, garage. Small farmery, 4 cottages, in all

ABOUT 30 ACRES.

Trout fishing in stream bounding one side of Property.—Full particulars of Messrs. DREWEATT and WATSON, Newbury; and HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Estate Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London." TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (2 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W., and 100, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

SOMERSET.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

THE HOUSE is situated on the South side of the Quantock Hills 250ft. above sea level. It contains: 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light; stabling, garage, men's rooms and 6 cottages; the grounds are a feature of the property and contain a quantity of rare shrubs; there are some magnificent natural rocks; pretty lake and stream with boat, woodland walks and pasture-land, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,791)

NEAR WALLINGFORD, BERKS.

GROUNDS SLOPING DOWN TO THE RIVER THAMES.

4 MILES HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

THIS PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, replete with all modern conveniences, including ELECTRIC LIGHT and hot water heating, oak-panelled hall, dining and drawing rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and servants' hall; motor garage. The grounds of 3 acres including sloping lawns, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and orchard. Boathouse with landing and bathing stage. Rent, Unfurnished, £125 per annum, or, Furnished by the year at 4½ guineas per week.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,148)

BETWEEN OXTED AND CATERHAM.

Rural district. Gravel soil.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, originally a farmhouse which has been added to; standing 300ft. above sea level, with a South aspect: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom; Company's water; stabling and garage; small farmery; the gardens are a special feature of the Property; they are nicely timbered and well laid out, and include an exceptionally fine rock garden, 2 tennis courts, lawns, orchard, and pasture-land, in all between 11 and 12 acres.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (8,181)

SUFFOLK.

TO BE SOLD.—A PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 best bedrooms and dressing room, bathroom, and complete offices; stabling for 7, garage; attractive gardens of about 3½ acres. Price £1,000.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,736)

NEAR LEITH HILL. TO BE SOLD.

THIS GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, built of brick with old red-tiled roof and situated 350ft. above sea level, amidst beautiful scenery, overlooking a green: oak-panelled hall, oak-panelled dining room, drawing room, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light, Company's water; motor-house; stabling for 3, carriage drive, cottage; nicely laid-out grounds, including tennis lawn, pond, well-stocked kitchen garden and pasture-land, in all about 31 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,647)

DEVIZES (NEAR).

AMIDST THE DOWNS, 400FT. UP.

FOR SALE, this old-fashioned HOUSE, standing on green sand soil in lovely old grounds, and approached by a pretty drive: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms and bathroom; petrol gas; stabling and heated garage; lodge and picturesque half-timbered cottage. Typical old English grounds, including lawns, pergolas, rose and rock gardens, bowling green, water garden, in all about

4 ACRES.

—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,427)

1¼ MILES WALTON HEATH GOLF COURSE.

600 FT. UP. LOVELY VIEWS.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for 6 months or longer, an old-fashioned HOUSE, containing: 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing and 2 bathrooms: electric light; stabling and garage; finely timbered pleasure grounds of 2 acres. Rent 9 guineas per week.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 3,319)

Telephones: Mayfair 5701 and 5702.
Telegrams: "Wilsogra, Audley, London."

WILSON & GRAY

LONDON and YEOVIL.

14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

The Oldest Established and Principal Agency for
TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN and OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES
of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished, where owners and applicants can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.
Enquiries to 14, Mount Street, W.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT.
WILSON AND GRAY have now transferred their above Department to
No. 56, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.
Telephone: Mayfair 1321.
The renovation, restoration, enlargement, etc., to old-world Properties, together with the reproduction of same, are a few of the special features dealt with, and all enquiries respecting such matters should now be addressed as above.

BY ORDER OF W. N. BLACK, ESQ.

The Otterhead Estate, near Taunton.

SITUATE IN THAT SUPERB REGION OF COUNTRY BETWEEN TAUNTON AND HONITON.
TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE, WITH THE SHOOTING AND FISHING. FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD.

"OTTERHEAD." SOUTH FRONT.

"OTTERHEAD." ONE OF THE LAKES.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PROPERTIES IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND

comprising the delightful old-fashioned House, surrounded by most lovely gardens, and standing 700ft. above sea level and facing South.
The Residence contains: lounge hall, fine billiard room, splendid suite of reception rooms, excellent offices, 20 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc. Radiators, acetylene gas, modern drainage, and good water supply. Stabling, garage. Lodge and 4 cottages.
The charming gardens are richly timbered and delightfully displayed. There are spacious lawns for tennis, croquet, archery, etc. Lovely flower and water gardens, pergola, summer-house, etc. Walled vegetable and fruit garden, with range of glass.
THE RIVER OTTER rises on the Property and widens when passing the House into a series of **BEAUTIFUL FISHING LAKES,** connected by rocky cascades and covering a considerable area; they are heavily stocked with trout and afford really first-class fishing, the trout running up to 2lbs.
THE EXCELLENT SHOOTING covers about 1,700 acres, and includes some well-placed coverts and plenty of rough ground. About 1,000 pheasants are reared each season, but the covers will hold a greater head if required. The average game bag for the last six seasons has been 700 to 850 pheasants, 100 to 250 partridges, 1,200 to 2,000 rabbits, besides woodcock, snipe, pigeon, and duck.
RENT ONLY £420 PER ANNUM, which includes about 500 acres of woods and land. Some of the latter could be let off if desired.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

SUSSEX.
Amidst the South Downs, 2 miles from the sea.

£125, UNFURNISHED, or would be SOLD.
A GENUINE OLD MANOR HOUSE,
DATING FROM 1296.
PERFECTLY PRESERVED AND FULL OF MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK WORK.
Beautiful old banqueting hall with minstrels gallery, dining room, study; ample domestic offices; 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, cottage; acetylene gas, Co's water, modern sanitation: delightful old-world gardens; woodland and grass of 14 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

AT A VERY LOW RENT TO A CAREFUL TENANT.
On the outskirts of a pretty village, and 2 miles from Dorchester. A few miles from the sea.
Convenient for golf course.
GOOD FISHING AND HUNTING.

DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE, facing south, and containing: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms (2 of which are in the Adams style), garden hall, capital offices with servants' hall; radiators, good water and drainage; stabling for 4, garage, and cottages; beautiful gardens of over 3 acres, including fine tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, etc.—Strongly recommended by Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., Grosvenor Sq., London, W.

HANTS.
1½ miles from the sea; within easy reach of Lymington and the New Forest.

TO LET, FURNISHED, OR FOR SALE.—A charming old-fashioned HOUSE, standing in finely timbered old grounds, and
SURROUNDED BY ITS OWN ESTATE OF ABOUT 107 ACRES.
Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling, garage; 3 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

REAL "WAR" BARGAINS IN TOWN HOUSES.

FOR SALE, AT A LOW RESERVE,
By AUCTION in JANUARY NEXT
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No. 33, PRINCES GATE, S.W.

A REMARKABLY CHOICE HOUSE, occupying an ideal position, facing beautifully-timbered grounds, and overlooking and having
IMMEDIATE ACCESS TO EXTENSIVE PRIVATE GARDENS.
The House has recently been brought thoroughly up to date, and most tastefully and expensively decorated at enormous expense. Many improvements have been installed, including: *handsome mahogany doors, parquet floors, choice fireplaces, white panelled walls, well-fitted bathrooms, and Lvatory basins, new sanitation, etc.* 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, charming boudoir, 2 drawing rooms (25ft. by 20ft. and 23ft. by 16ft.), fine dining room (27ft. by 18ft.), morning room (18ft. by 17ft.), good library (17ft. by 13ft.), splendid offices.
Lease 23½ years. Ground Rent £8.
Capital stabling, No. 1, Princes Gate Mews.
—Printed particulars of the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.
GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.

Price, 2,000 gns.
Or Rent, £300.

SPLENDIDLY-ARRANGED HOUSE to be LET, Unfurnished. It is situate in a favourite position, and has only recently been entirely redecorated. The accommodation is splendidly arranged, and comprises:
On the ground floor—Beautiful panelled dining room, square hall, morning room.
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In addition to which there are 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and capital domestic offices.
Lease about 14 years.
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FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN PRICE.
WITH GARDENS FRONT AND BACK.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED HOUSES IN BELGRAVIA for DISPOSAL.
It occupies a retired and sunny position
IN A FAVORITE SITUATION,
and has recently been *entirely remodelled and brought up to date at tremendous cost.* The house is most beautifully decorated and fitted with electric passenger lift, hot water radiators, 2 staircases, parquet floors, handsome fireplaces, etc. The accommodation comprises 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 splendidly fitted bathrooms,
FOUR BEAUTIFUL RECEPTION ROOMS,
magnificent entrance and inner halls, exceptionally good offices,
SMALL PRIVATE GARDEN,
and capital stabling at back.
Lease 58 years. Ground rent £60.
—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet** **AUCTIONEERS**

ON THE EDGE OF THE CHILTERNS.

BUCKS.

Only 35 minutes from Town.

THIS UNIQUE FAMILY MANSION,

dating back to the XIth Century.

Replete with every modern convenience, including acetylene gas, radiators, etc.

Some 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms.

HANDSOME SUITE OF RECEPTION ROOMS.

Lovely grounds of 10 acres; 400 acres shooting. Low rent.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 17,258)

SURREY, NEAR WOKING, delightfully situated on the edge of a gorse-covered common.

"BORRANS," CHOBHAM.

A COMMODIOUS FAMILY RESIDENCE,

containing 9 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, handsome lounge hall panelled in oak; complete domestic offices.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, RADIATORS, COMPANY'S WATER, TELEPHONE.

Stabling for 3; coach-house or garage; living rooms over.

TASTEFULLY LAID-OUT PLEASURE GROUNDS,

planted with many choice specimen trees, tennis and croquet lawn, rock and rose garden, kitchen garden, orchard; 5 ACRES of meadow-land; 3 ACRES of common-land, the whole about

11 ACRES.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION on JANUARY 25, 1916.

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A STUPENDOUS BARGAIN.

BEAUTIFUL TUDOR RESIDENCE.

PERFECT ORDER.

BETWEEN TROWBRIDGE AND BATH.—Large lounge hall, 4 handsome and lofty reception, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; gas, main water, gravel soil, stabling, garage, cottages, long drive; fascinating pleasure grounds, with lawns, flower beds, yew hedges, peach-houses, walled-in kitchen garden and 21 ACRES OF PARK-LANDS.

BARGAIN, £4,000.

—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

MIDWAY BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

COMPANY'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, full of old oak: good hall, 3 reception bath, 6 bedrooms; stabling, garage; farmery; beautiful grounds and paddocks of 12½ ACRES. Perfect order. Bargain £2,500, Freehold.

INCREDIBLE SACRIFICE. OWNER ENLISTED.

COST £6,000. PRICE FOR QUICK SALE, £1,650.

EASY REACH OF NEWMARKET AND NORWICH.—A beautiful COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 4 magnificent reception, bath, 9 bedrooms; central heating; large garage, excellent stabling; charming pleasure grounds of 4½ ACRES; perfect order. £700 recently spent on improvements. Fishing, boating, shooting.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED.

A GENUINE WAR BARGAIN.

WINCHESTER (near).—A charming COUNTRY HOME; 2 reception; winter garden; full-sized billiard room, bath, 5 bedrooms; stabling, garage; pretty bungalow; main water; gravel soil; beautiful gardens with double tennis lawn, croquet lawn, rose gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, in all about 3 ACRES. Freehold, £1,375.

£5,000 RECENTLY SPENT ON IMPROVEMENTS.

SUSSEX (near Horsham).—One of the choicest Estates in the district, comprising a fine old GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: large lounge hall with noble carved oak and panelled staircase, 3 reception, bath, 12 bedrooms; beautiful old-world and nicely timbered pleasure grounds; stabling, garage; farm-buildings; 6 cottages and 145 ACRES OF HEAVILY TIMBERED PARKLIKE MEADOW LAND.

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,250.

Or the Residence, pleasure grounds, stabling, garage, 3 cottages, and 25 acres of parklands £4,750, or with 64 acres £5,500.

A GENUINE WAR BARGAIN.

A SHOW PLACE ON THE CHILTERNS.

BUCKS (glorious spot near High Wycombe, under an hour from town; high up, lovely views).—A perfectly appointed old MANOR HOUSE: 4 large reception, 2 bath, 11 bedrooms; oak beams, panelling, open fireplaces, main water, central heating, stabling, garage, farmery; delightful gardens

RENOWNED FOR THEIR BEAUTY,

and 10 ACRES of grass-land.

BARGAIN, £3,250, or offer.

KENT ('midst beautiful country).—Genuine QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, containing some fine old oak, handsome carved staircase, hall, 3 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; main drainage, Co.'s water, heating, telephone; excellent stabling, garage.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

in all 5 acres; hunting, shooting, and golf.

PRICE, £3,250.

For Our Men on Active Service

WE stock a large quantity of all Warm Necessaries, for all climates, to Regulation patterns, and extremely good value at the prices.

Striped Union Shirts ... **2/11**
Army Grey Shirts **3/11, 4/11**
Khaki Shirts ... **3/9, 4/11**

Frederick Gorringe

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W. [LTD.

Inexpensive TEA FROCKS FOR XMAS GIFTS

suitable for all manner of occasions, made in Brocaded Crêpe de Chine, with new yoke of chiffon over cream lace, set in with hem-stitching and finished with small rosette, in black, white and colours. Thoroughly well made in our own workrooms.

58/6

Actual value, **4 Gns.**

The same frock in extra rich and heavy plain Crêpe de Chine, **98/6.**

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W

Dr. PIERRE'S

(of the Paris Faculty of Medicine. Est. 70 Years.)

EAU DENTIFRICE

TOOTH PASTES and POWDERS

ANTISEPTIC & AROMATIC. Economical in use.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Samples 3d. post paid. **Depot: E.B., 203 Regent St. LONDON, W.**

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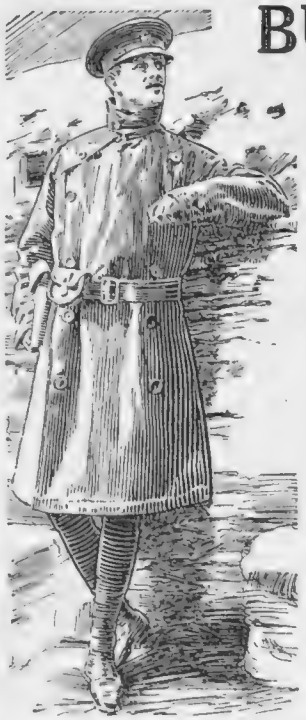

In ONE Coat
TRENCH-WARM
WEATHERPROOF
SHORT-WARM
Can be worn together or separately.

Will keep out any rain that a new macintosh or oilskin will keep out.

Neither heat, cold, nor hard wear deteriorates proofness. Keeps out biting wind, yet never overheats the body.

A distinguished coat, and also a veritable shield.

"Though to-day was wet and cold, I was entirely protected by THE TRENCH-WARM, while most of my friends got well-soaked"
—W. H. E. (Capt.).

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The Burberry, Infantry or Cavalry patterns; Uniforms in Tenace Whipcord, which will outwear three ordinary uniforms; Tielocken Belted Coats, Great Coats, and every detail of Equipment.

READY FOR USE, or to measure in 2 to 4 days.

Illustrated Military Catalogue Post Free

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AQUASCUTUM

Regd.

TRENCH COAT

THE MOST PERFECT MILITARY WATERPROOF PRODUCED.

LINED WOOL, DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR, OR LEATHER. ABSOLUTELY PROOF AGAINST RAIN AND COLD WINDS.

From the Lieut.-Colonel Commanding a Lowland Battalion in France.

"I should like you to know that I have given one of your fleece-lined Aquascutums a very severe trial during 6 months' trench work out here. I have nothing but praise for its wet and rain-resisting qualities, and it is free from several glaring faults which handicapped coats of two other makers, which I have had to wear for my sins. So far as durability is concerned, it does not look as if I would have to call upon you for a renewal for some considerable time."

AQUASCUTUM, LTD.,

Waterproofers by Appointment to His Majesty the King.

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

NOTHING is so quickly and thoroughly refreshing as a cup of the famous

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

THE TEA OF CONNOISSEURS.

You can try it at the

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA ROOMS,

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the most charming place in London for

LUNCHEONS, TEAS AND DINNERS.

FORMOSA OOLONG TEA

PURE 2/10, 3/10. BLEND 2/7, 3/4, 4/4 Per lb.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining and Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose and Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

The Perfect Bag for Knitting, Books, Little Parcels, etc.

THE "CADOGAN" BAG.

Very strongly made of Polished Leather, lined with Watered Silk. Four colours, Green, Blue, Purple and Black. Prices from 10/6 to 21/6.

List on application.

BEST 188, Sloane Street, S.W.
Aldford St., Park Lane, W.

The "Wellington" Despatch Case

INVENTED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	APPROVED BY H.I.H. THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS
1815	1915

This excellent Despatch Case, invented 100 years ago by the "Iron Duke," is now approved and used by H.I.H. the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia.

This is sufficient proof that it is just the right kind of Case for an officer on active service.

Prices from 37/6 to 76/-.

Full particulars on application.

"IT" THE NUT SHELL CANTEEN is the very best inexpensive gift for the soldier on active service. Price **3/6** and **5/6** each.

Send a post card and we will tell you all about "IT."

188, Sloane St. London, S.W. **BEST** 64a, Sth. Audley St. W (entrance Aldford St.)

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.,

(ESTBD 1895.)

West End Branch:-
No 1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

CHIGNONS TO ORDER IN ANY DESIGN FROM 10/9

TRANSFORMATIONS in any style **30/-,** *or Extra Full of Hair* **2** *and* **3 Guineas.**

EXTRA IS CHARGED FOR LIGHT, GREY, PALE AND AUBURN SHADES.

Switches of Pure Human Hair.

A PATTERN OF HAIR AND REMITTANCE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

16 ins. **2/9**
18 ins. **3/6**
20 ins. **5/-**
22 ins. **7/6**
24 ins. **12/6**
26 ins. **15/6**
28 ins. **21/-**

Any length to order.

Smaller Size, **15/6.**

THIS PRETTY TOUPET, Price only **21/6.**

FOR GOODS ON APPROVAL SEE OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

ADDRESS MANAGERESS: **84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, S.E.**

CHRISTMAS·PRESENTS
that are always appreciated

A very handsome three-quarter length Coat of Seal Musquash, cut with the fashionable Full Skirt and long Roll Collar, lined coloured Chine Satin. **£27 0 0**

Dainty new model White Fox Tie, *as sketch*. Made from pure White selected skins. Lined with rich Satin. Price **£12 10 0**
Elegant Muff to match. Price £9 5 0

Attractive Coat in Musquash, dyed and worked to resemble sable. Made of good reliable skins in three-quarter length, and lined rich coloured Satin. Price - - - - **£35 0 0**

A smart Coat, of fine quality Black dyed Pony-skin, in quite the newest shape. Length at back 40 inches. Trimmed with Skunk and lined rich Satin. **£18 0 0**

AT this season of the year no gift could be more acceptable than a set of lovely Furs, or one of the luxurious Wraps that are now being offered at specially reduced war prices by the International Fur Store. These garments, which are made from the finest furs the world produces, are designed on the latest fashionable lines, and cut and finished in the best manner possible by our own staff of expert Furriers.

A new Booklet just published—entitled "**War-time Furs at War-time Prices**," *will be sent Free on application.*

The
INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE
163-5 REGENT·STREET·W

A very comfortable and useful three-quarter length Coat of Natural Musquash, cut in latest style, and lined Satin. A most useful garment, suitable for Motoring. **£19 0 0**

Charles Packer & Co

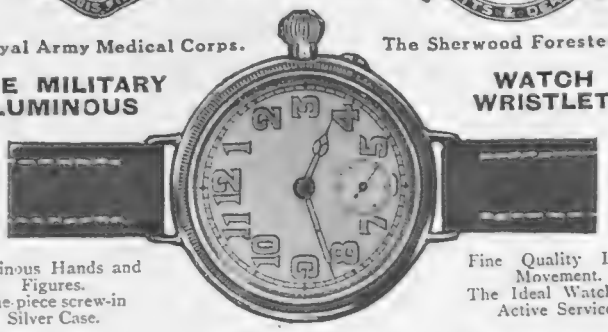
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES
15-ct. GOLD.

all £2 2 0 each.

The Royal Army Medical Corps. The Sherwood Foresters.

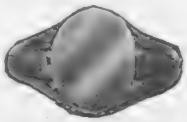
THE MILITARY LUMINOUS WATCH WRISTLET.



Luminous Hands and Figures.
One-piece screw-in Silver Case.

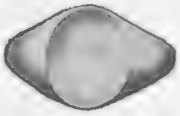
Fine Quality Lever Movement.
The Ideal Watch for Active Service.

£2 15 0



Solid 15-ct. Gold Signet Ring.
£3 5 0

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Holding an exceptionally large stock of watches before the present import duty of 33⅓ per cent. was imposed, we shall not advance any prices until this is exhausted



Solid 18-ct. Gold Signet Ring.
£1 18 6

The Royal Navy.
(Gold or Silver Anchor.)

BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT
£2 2 0 each
In velvet-lined case complete.
Post free to any address.

The Worcestershire Regt.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

H. A. BEAL

THE NEW FULL SKIRT

IN WARM WINTER TWEEDS.

10/9

In Ready-to-Wear Sizes.

Waist	23	24	25	26	27
Length	34	36	38	40	42

Into the Waist—not Corselet.

Or Made to Own Measures. Corselet if desired 1/6 extra.

Patterns by return.

135
287, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

INSURE WITH
THE OCEAN
ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED

Claims Paid £12,500,000
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Accidents
Fire
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Employer's Insurance
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HEAD OFFICE
MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

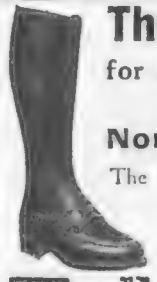
Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 & 4/6

Write English with an English Pen
Get a
John Whytwarth
BRITISH MADE
Scientific Unleakable

The only Fountain Pen of real use to the fighting man ashore or afloat because—(a) it cannot leak however carried; (b) it is filled quickly without unscrewing any part; (c) it writes instantly—the nib rising well from the ink reservoir. *Approved by all users*

13/6, 12, 6, 16/3 & upwards. Also at 5/6 & 7/6

6, Piccadilly Arcade, or 14, Ivy Lane, London.



The Best Boots for Active Service are FAULKNER'S Norwegian Boots.

The Easiest, Most Waterproof, Wear-resisting Boots made.

Booklet and Self-measurement apparatus free on application.

Faulkner & Son

BOOTMAKERS: ESTABLISHED 1871

SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS

52, South Molton Street, London, W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY (Gas at 1/4 per 1,000)

In LIGHTING and COOKING

With a self-contained gas generator.

Our Patent **Duplex** Carburettor gives wonderful results and works on **Ordinary Petrol.** Hundreds of Testimonials. Many adaptations of other makes to our perfect system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent.

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners and Automatic Switches render the system perfect.

Write for booklet and particulars.

THE PIONEERS OF PETROL GAS LIGHTING

Thirty Years' Experience also in high-class **Electrical Installations.**

COLONIAL AGENTS: MOFFAT-VIRTUE, Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.; ANDERSONS, Ltd., Christchurch, N.Z.; MARRS & Cia, Buenos Ayres; R. J. WATSON & CO., Santa Cruz; SPENCE & CO., Calcutta

SPENSERS Ld. LONDON: 53b, South Molton St. EDINBURGH: 119, George St.

I cannot do better than send

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Buy one for Soldier or Sailor.

One for Friend or Relative.

One for YOURSELF.

See the

NEW LEVER POCKET SELF-FILLER

CHOOSE the type that is best likely to meet the writer's requirements. Any nib can be accurately matched, and if not just right it will be exchanged without extra charge. This is a great convenience for any recipient of a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, the ever-welcome Xmas Gift. The new Lever Pocket Self-Filler is tremendously popular. With all the outstanding qualities of Waterman's Ideals, it has an ingenious lever self-filling arrangement. Just raise lever, dip the nib in ink, lower lever, and the pen is filled. That's all. The lever fits flush with the barrel.

THREE TYPES: Regular Type, Waterman's Ideal 10/6 and upwards.
Safety, and the New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Types, **12/3** and upwards.

For Soldiers, Sailors, Doctors, Nurses, Ladies, Travellers, Sportsmen—all who want a Pen for outdoor use, choose the "SAFETY" type. It can be carried in any position.

Of Stationers and Jewellers all over the World.

Fullest satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable any time if not suitable. Call, or write to "The Pen Corner." Full range of pens in view for inspection and trial. Booklet free on application.

L. G. SLOAN,
The Pen Corner,
KINGSWAY, LONDON.

Send him one for Christmas

Your soldier friend or relative will be glad to own and wear a Waltham Wristlet Watch.

You certainly can't give him a more practical or useful gift for Xmas. Thousands are being worn by our men in the new armies.

Strong, neat, durable, and thoroughly trustworthy, like all Waltham Watches. Just the watch a soldier needs. Send him one for Xmas.

Equally suitable for civilian wear. See the exquisitely dainty series for Ladies.

Waltham Watches

SILVER WRISTLET WALTHAMS.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Maximus	11 15 6	No. 165	4 16 3
Riverside.. ..	9 0 0	No. 161	3 9 9
Lady Waltham ..	6 9 3	No. 160	3 3 0

FOR LADIES.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Maximus	11 11 3	Ruby	7 6 3
Riverside ..	9 6 0	Sapphire	6 13 9

Also in Gold and Rolled Gold Cases. Luminous Dials extra.

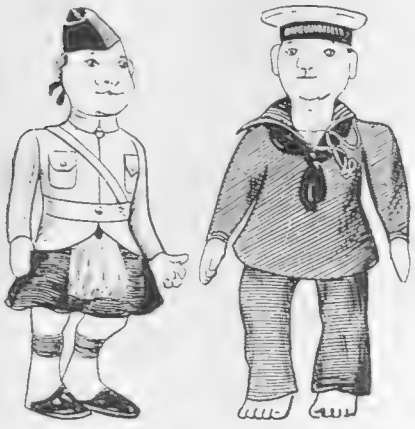
Of all reliable Watchmakers and Jewellers.

FREE WRISTLET WATCH PAMPHLET FROM
THE WALTHAM WATCH CO. (Dept. 57),
125 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
(Established over 60 years).

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (*continued from page* 450)

In Toyland

Where, as is the case at Gamage's, of Holborn, every conceivable kind of toy to suit the taste of every conceivable kind of child is obtainable, it



"JOCK" AND "JACK"

Two out of a number of grotesque toys of the "mascot" type at Messrs. Gamage's, Holborn

seems more than ordinarily difficult to pick out anything for special mention. But since children aim before all things at being "in the movement," perhaps Gamage's war-toys are the toys on which there will be the greatest "run." Among these one notices at once a particularly good model of the famous French 75mm. gun, which "fires" wooden shells and costs only 2s. 6d., a number of model forts and trenches at prices ranging from 3s. to 30s., with soldiers who, after being hit (say with one of the aforesaid guns) can be "brought to life" again by pulling a wire in the rear of the fort. Then, again, there are miniature uniforms correct in every detail, which greatly add to the reality of that favourite pastime, playing at soldiers, while for the smaller children there is a capital range of grotesque dolls of the mascot type in all sorts of uniforms, both naval and military. In the event of a visit to Gamage's Christmas bazaar being out of the question a catalogue of everything obtainable thereat, fully illustrated, can be had for the asking, together with an order form, which greatly facilitates matters for the prospective purchaser.

A National Asset

Owing to the war it is more than ever necessary that the child life of the nation should be safeguarded, for children are the nation's greatest asset. Not Britain only, but the Empire, has paid her heavy toll in lives. From Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, Britain's loyal sons have come, many never to return. Whom have we to take their place? Only the children. The charter of Dr. Barnardo's Homes is—No destitute child ever refused admission. 1,577 children were rescued last year. In one fortnight recently ninety-two orphan and destitute boys and girls were added to this big family, which averages 7,480 children. 4,754 Barnardo Boys are serving the country in the Army, Navy, and mercantile marine, and the list is growing daily. Gifts of all kinds, money, clothing, blankets, etc., will be welcomed by the Honorary Director, Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at Headquarters, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

(*Continued on page* x i)

A TIMELY REMINDER

From Dr. Barnardo's Homes, of the importance of child life in this critical period of the nation's history

A USEFUL PRESENT

'ECIRUAM'

Regd.

The Gown for all occasions

Entirely without fasteners

From

3½ Gns.

The ideal Country House Frock, put on in a moment. Equally charming and successful as day, evening, tea or rest gown, and can be worn outdoors with coat or furs.

NO FITTING REQUIRED

Large variety of models in various materials. Economy, comfort, and smartness combined. Must be seen to be properly appreciated. Inspection invited. A revelation—the most successful Gown of the century.

The 'ECIRUAM' Maternity Gown is perfect.

SOLE MAKERS—

MAURICE,

43, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.

Illustrated Booklet on application.

The 'ECIRUAM' Gowns and Blouses are registered designs. To copy same is an infringement.

J. W. BENSON LTD.

Military Badge Brooches

ANY REGIMENTAL DESIGN—
PERFECTLY MODELLED.

Price on application.

Large Selection in Diamonds, and Gold and Enamel.

Sketches sent for approval.

25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

And 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

How much MONEY do you WASTE on Coal?

SEE HOW THE "HUE" WILL STOP THE WASTE

You probably have an old-fashioned grate like No. 1, which wastes the coal and gives little heat. Why not convert it into a modern barless fire? The cost is small and the operation simple.

No. 2 is the HUE BARLESS FIRE which effects the transformation. It is adaptable to any existing grate, without pulling down mantelpieces and removing the present stove.

No. 3 is the same stove showing effect produced by the HUE. More heat is given out in the room with about half the coal consumption. Not mere assertion, but proved by actual tests. The HUE is clean, and hygienic. It has been installed in thousands of private houses, and adopted by the principal Railway Companies, Hotels, and Institutions. Without question it is the most efficient Barless Fire on the market and is equally suitable for large or small rooms. Price from 15/-

SEND TO-DAY

For beautifully-illustrated booklet, giving full particulars of the HUE FIRE, showing how it is fixed, cost, and many other important points

YOUNG & MARTEN, Ltd.,

(*Dept. B.*), Stratford, London, E.

Do not be misled by so-called adaptable Barless Fires, which by their construction can never be satisfactory. The word "HUE" is cast on every genuine stove.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

the surest, quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles. The Standard remedy for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

FOR GREY HAIR SEEGEROL

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 6d., large size 2/- post free, secretly packed.

Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., 1b, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C.

"ERASMIC" Eau de Cologne.
1/4 2/6 & 3/9 per bottle.
ERASMIC Perfumers, LONDON

NOR VIC
NORVIC SHOES for LADIES
Trade Mark.

N 112
19/6

For Winter—Norvic Boots.

MORE and more women are appreciating the advantages offered by well-cut boots. Comfort and health are not the least of these advantages, and style need not be sacrificed. NORVIC boots excel in style and quality. There is an air of quiet distinction about them which well-dressed women cannot fail to notice. They are serviceable in wear and keep their smart shape to the end.

N.B.—Doctors have stated that more severe colds can be traced to scantily clothed ankles than to anything else. NORVIC boots clothe as well as dress the feet.

Booklet of dainty styles and name of nearest Agent, post free, from Howlett and White, Ltd., NORWICH.

THE NORVIC SHOE CO.

COOK! I insist on having The CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS made in NEW YORK.

You would not think of making such a statement, of course. You know that your own British Cook is fully capable of obtaining and mixing the ingredients and of presenting the result in an appetising form.

What makes you suppose that British Pharmaceutical Chemists—trained men—cannot prepare medicines as well as your cook makes puddings?

Patriotism apart, think it over from a *commonsense* standpoint.

Ask yourself—"Why Foreign?"

THEN BUY **Ficolax** The Original Fruit Laxative

Made and guaranteed by its British Owners—
THE FICOLAX CO.,
22-30, Graham Street, London.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
In bottles, **1/3**
Family size, **3/-**

ASHORE OR AFLOAT THERE IS NO TOBACCO TO COMPARE WITH

Smith's Glasgow Mixture

Sold in 3 Strengths: MILD, MEDIUM & FULL 7D. per oz. 1/2 per 2-oz. 2/4 per ½-lb.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded free on Application

F. & J. SMITH, branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

Manufacturers of "Orchestra" High-Class Virginian Cigarettes

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOTES (*concluded from page* x)

Hospital Equipment

The Hospitals and General Contracts Company, Ltd., of 19-25, Mortimer Street, London, W., well-known in professional circles, have decided, in view of the exceptional conditions created by the war, to extend their sphere of activity beyond professional lines. With the object of aiding private purchasers, as well as those in charge of surgical organisations, they invite inquiries with regard to their supplies, and are also prepared to submit useful information concerning certain items that are of extreme importance and urgently needed in our voluntary hospitals

"Con Amore" Cigarettes

As gifts for our fighting men, whether at sea or on land, none could be more acceptable or appropriate than "Con Amore" Regimental Cigarettes. This well-known cigarette is sold only in boxes of 25, 50, and 100, and is supplied with the crest of any regiment in the British Army upon it, including the Australian and Canadian contingents, the Royal Flying Corps, and the Naval Air Service. A box forms a delightful gift, because each cigarette has your friend's regimental crest printed on it, and there is a facsimile in colour on the box. Most good tobacconists can supply "Con Amore" crested cigarettes from stock, but in case of difficulty you can have them for any regiment supplied direct by Messrs. K. Marcovitch and Co., Ltd., 13, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.

A Dentifrice of Distinction

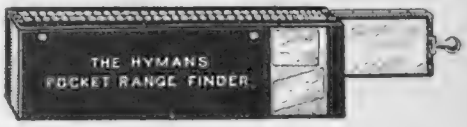
The distinguishing feature of Dr. Pierre's dental preparations is that they derive their antiseptic properties from vegetable essences instead of from the ordinary chemical disinfectants, and it is claimed for them that, being neither poisonous nor apt to corrode, they can be used with greater safety and more beneficial results. Dr. Pierre's preparations are of two kinds, the liquid for daily use and the solid for use occasionally in conjunction with the liquid dentifrice for the purpose of keeping the enamel free from incrustations. The solid kind, again, is made up in several different forms, both as a powder and as a paste, to suit different kinds of teeth. The fact that Dr. Pierre's preparations have been selling in France for over seventy years speaks for itself. The London depôt is at 203, Regent Street.

"O.K." Canisters for U.K. Teas

In these temperate and economical days a packet of tea is a gift not to be despised, and the pleasure of receiving it is certainly enhanced when it comes in one of the handsomely designed tin canisters which the United Kingdom Tea Company are providing for presentation purposes. Any of the company's teas will be sent carriage paid and packed in one of these canisters for a slight additional charge, over and above the price of the tea, ranging from 3*d.* for a half-pound tin to 2*s.* for a 12lb. tin. Intending purchasers should send a card to the United Kingdom Tea Company, Empire Warehouses, Paul Street, E.C., when they will receive in return a coloured leaflet showing the sizes and designs of these canisters, together with a price list and order form. The company are also prepared to send samples of their teas for the guidance of their customers, and to supply tea done up in small packets for charitable distribution without extra charge.

The Hyman's Pocket Range-Finder

We recently tested this excellent range-finder, and noticed the successful results in our columns. We have since been able to carry out further tests in the field, with the same satisfactory results. The appended illustration



A USEFUL AID TO SOLDIERING

gives a good idea of the compactness of the range-finder, which cannot be put out of adjustment without one completely smashes it. It would make an excellent Christmas present for friends at the front. It is obtainable from Chas. Hymans, F.S.M.C., 7, St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge.

WHERE TO WINTER

MONTE CARLO

1915-1916

CASINO OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

Afternoon and Evening Concerts, with Select Orchestras of over a Hundred Performers, under the direction of M. M. JEHIN, GANNE, and LAUWERYNS.

Special Opera Season, organised by M. GUNSBOURG, in February, March and April.

Important Ballets, supported by the Leading Artistes from La Scala at Milan, and from the Russian Imperial Academies.

INTERNATIONAL RACE MEETINGS, TENNIS, GOLF, ALPINE EXCURSIONS. VARIED AND CONTINUOUS ATTRACTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

RENOWNED THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Every information from the "International Riviera Agency," 71, Regent Street, W.

The Safe and Sure Treatment

for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the

GANESH

The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to natural beauty.
Red Broken Veins, Marks on the Face, absolutely removed in a few seconds without pain and leaving no mark.
ADVICE FREE. Write for Free Booklet.

GANESH EASTERN OIL will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any other preparation ever invented
From 5/6.

PATRONIZED BY ROYALTY · RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION ·

Electrolysis

Permanently removes superfluous Hair.

"Delatone" is the reliable home treatment for Ladies who cannot call

ADAIR

- - GANESH - -
ESTABLISHMENT.

92, NEW BOND ST.
(*Oxford St. End*),
LONDON, W.
'Phone: Gerrard 3782
Paris and New York.

Try a

COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

Wilson & Gill

139 & 141 Regent Street
LONDON.W.

BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED
REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

18-ct.Gold, Enamelled in Colours, Platinised Silver Serpent, £3 17 6
With Diamond Serpent, £6 10 0

Fine Gold, Platinum and Diamond Brooch. £4 10 0

18-ct. Gold, Enamelled in Colours, set Diamonds, £5 10 0
Others from £7 0 0 to £25 0 0

ANY REGIMENTAL OR NAVAL BADGE can be Reproduced in Gold or Enamel, with or without Precious Stones, from £3.10.0 to £50. Sketches and Estimates on Application.

The "AURORA"

A WATCH BY DAY—A CLOCK BY NIGHT

This is a strong gun-metal cased Lever Watch with whole figures and hands coated with Luminous Radium Compound (the illumination being absolutely permanent), and tells the time as well by day as by night. Cased in a handsome leather cabinet, velvet lined, with a strong bull's-eye lens which magnifies the dial of watch to double the size, making an ideal and absolutely silent bedroom or carriage clock. The watch can be carried in the pocket by day and fitted into cabinet at night.

Price complete, **40/6**, post free; Colonial Post, **41/6**
Watch only, **30/6**, " " " **32/-**
Solid Silver, **60/6**, " " " **61/6**

Guaranteed and money back if dissatisfied.

Write for fully descriptive List (Luminous Clocks and Watches), "The Story of Radium."

WAITE & SON, Radium Clock Experts,
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.
Established nearly a Century. Bankers: Lloyds Bank.

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Roval Letters Patent.
Unobtainable Elsewhere.

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and is capable of the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening. Many designs for day or evening wear.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

ELEGANT COSTUME OF BLACK VELVETEEN. FASTENING AT WAIST WITH CROSSOVER STRAPS. COLLAR AND CUFFS HAVE INTRODUCTION OF ROMAN STRIPE. THE SKIRT IS FULL CIRCULAR.

Price **14 Gns.**

DAINTY LAYETTE

BARRI
72, Baker Street, London, W.

CORSETS BELTS

Exterminated by "LIVERPOOL" VIRUS

RATS

No Danger to Animals. NO SMELL.
In Tins baited for Rats 2/6 & 6/-; for Mice 1/6.
Of all chemists, write particulars: Dept. G.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB Ltd.
56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

Hinde's

Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

Motoring : An Appeal

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Of Urgent Moment

THIS is an appeal that must not be allowed to fail. It is to every owner of a motor-car who is not yet, doubtless for quite good and sufficient reasons, rendering service in the cause of the men who have fought the good fight and are now recovering from the effects of it. All over the country motorists are giving what time they have and what cars they possess or can command for the conveyance of the wounded from station to hospital and from hospital on the convalescent health side. The work that has been done in this connection is most grateful and comforting to comment upon. Its volume has been incredible. Its benefit has been tremendous. The amount of suffering that has been prevented or palliated by this voluntary service is gratefully acknowledged by authorities and the wounded alike. In that knowledge is more than sufficient recompense for the motorist. Without it, it would still have been a privilege to serve.

Rescue Work

The urgent need for such service remains. It is even greater than before. When the supply of cars fail, men suffer. No need to discuss the responsibility of the State for any shortage. Leave that until afterwards. To-day there is an individual responsibility on the shoulders of every car-owner who can by any chance manage to render assistance. If he has a car which can be given for a little while, now is the time. If there is no organisation in your district, make one. And start with yourself.

* * *

Things Done and To Do

In London a good deal of the work has been undertaken by the London Volunteer Rifles and other organisations. In addition, of course, there has been a great individual contribution by the private owner direct. The extent of it must be tremendous. But the need for more cars is imperative. I have an eloquent appeal from the Hon. Secretary (for Hospital Arrangements) of the L.V.R., asking for assistance. Hence the special reference to this organisation. I pass the appeal on to any motorist who happens to read these notes and is within hail of the L.V.R. headquarters at 26, Pancras Road, and who has a car to spare for Saturday or Sunday work. Financial stress, bad weather, darkened streets, and other causes are tending to reduce the number of cars available. Any falling off must be more than remedied because the call for cars is greater than ever. Therefore—cars for the love of the wounded. Cars for the sake of the suffering as well as for the gratification which, incidentally, the owner can get from giving service. Cars to restore the man more speedily to health, and brighten the period of his convalescence. Cars as a tribute from the non-fighting man to the service of the man who has "done his bit." Cars!

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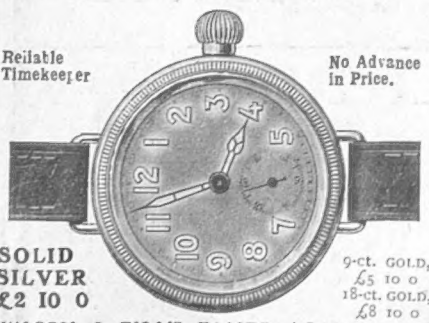

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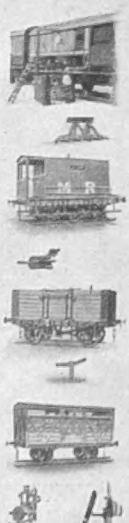

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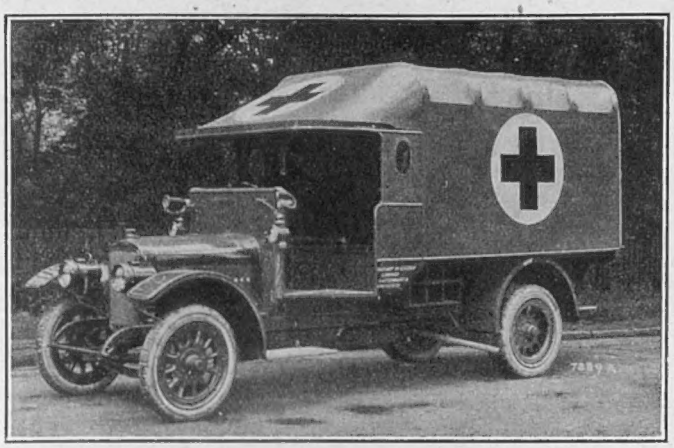

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The Menu: Some Christmas Pièces de Résistance

Roast Turkey

A turkey, being a large bird, should not be put in too hot an oven, or the outside is dried up before the parts near the bones are cooked. About a quarter of an hour before serving, remove the buttered paper from the breast, dredge the turkey lightly with flour, and put some butter in the basting ladle, and baste the bird with it. The breast should be filled with the following forcemeat: 2 oz. of bacon, ¼ lb. of suet, the rind of half a lemon, one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs, ¼ lb. of breadcrumbs, two eggs, salt and cayenne. Pound the ingredients together, and add the eggs well beaten. Time: Two hours to three hours and a half. Garnish with fried sausages, and send to table with a tureen of good gravy and one of bread-sauce.

Boiled Turkey and Oyster Stuffing

Stuff a medium-sized turkey with the following ingredients: Chop 4 oz. of suet finely, mix it with 6 oz. of breadcrumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, and nutmeg to taste. Take off the beards of two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor (strained), and lastly two eggs. Truss the bird and tie it in a cloth. Place it breast downwards in boiling water, and when it has come to the boil, skim well and simmer gently for an hour and a half or longer, according to size. Serve with a thick Béchamel Sauce poured over, and a boiled tongue.

Braised Turkey

An old turkey that would not be fit for roasting answers well for braising. Put a ¼ lb. of butter into a large stewpan with 1 lb. of lean bacon, cut into small pieces. Let them cook for a few minutes, then lay in the bird, placing it breast downwards. Cook it slowly over a moderate fire until it is a nice colour. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir well till the gravy thickens, then add two quarts of stock, and, when on the point of boiling, a carrot, a turnip cut in slices, a few button onions, some parsley, thyme, and a glass of wine. Stew very gently for four hours, or less, according to the size of the bird. Remove it and keep it hot. Put vegetables and sauce together into a small stewpan. Simmer them for a few minutes, skimming off the fat as it rises. Dish up the turkey, arrange the vegetables round it, with alternate heaps of cooked chestnuts, and pour the sauce over.

Roast Goose (Stuffed)

Singe and draw a goose. Fill with the following stuffing: Chop finely 2 oz. of beef suet, add to it 3 oz. of breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful powdered sage, and the same of mixed herbs. Parboil a large onion, chop it up finely, and add to the above. Mix well, and moisten with sufficient cold milk to bind the mixture. Season with salt and pepper. Fill the goose with this, close both ends, cover the breast with dripping or fat bacon, and cook in the usual way, allowing about twenty minutes to the pound. Serve with gravy and apple-sauce.

Goose en Casserole

After cleaning the goose and wiping it well with a damp cloth put it into a saucepan of boiling water and boil gently for one hour. Take it from the saucepan, drain well, and wipe it very dry. Fill the body and neck with chestnut stuffing, truss, and sew up, lay it in an earthenware pan, and cook it in a very hot oven, allowing twenty minutes to every pound. Baste frequently, and send to table with a tureen of good gravy, and pour some round the bird.

CHESTNUT STUFFING.—1lb. of sausage meat, 1 lb. of roasted chestnuts, ¼ lb. of breadcrumbs. Boil the liver of the goose, chop it up, and add it to the above ingredients, season well, and mix all together with one beaten egg.

N.B.—The chestnuts must be well mashed to a pulp before mixing. This way of cooking answers well for an old bird.

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